

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1939.



AN AMBASSADRESS OF EMPIRE WHOSE BEAUTY, CHARM, AND GRACIOUSNESS CONQUERED ALL HEARTS DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES: A NEW PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A memorable feature of the recent royal visit to Canada and the United States—further illustrations of which will be found on later pages—was the great personal triumph of "the ever-charming young Queen," whose quiet beauty, simple graciousness, and natural kindliness won all hearts. "We had no idea how

beautiful she is," wrote a Canadian correspondent; and at the Congress reception in Washington the representative for Texas said: "You are a thousand times prettier than the pictures, and I mean it." Their Majesties were expected to arrive back at Southampton from their triumphal tour on June 22.

Portrait by Marcus Adams.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE hears a great deal of talk about the preserving of liberty in the world, much of it rather learned talk and some of it very dull. But one hears a good deal less about liberty itself: of what it consists and how it may be exercised. Its contrary, of course, we all know. Tyranny—as Burke long ago pointed out—is a weed that grows in every soil. And just at the moment, if there is no more of that commodity in the world's untidy garden than usual, it is at least remarkably conspicuous. In certain parts of the garden it is almost impossible, in fact, to see anything else. Yet liberty does not consist merely in denouncing tyranny, any more than horticulture does of deploring and abusing weeds, or even of pulling them out. It is, in fact, itself a plant, growing out of its own peculiar seeds and requiring particular soil, favourable conditions, and most careful tending. This country, an island, long free from the menace of invasion, and enjoying a temperate and tolerating climate, has been especially fortunate in this respect. A very high percentage of such liberty as exists in the modern world can be traced to an English ancestry. For centuries our land was the nursery ground of human freedom, just as Greece was in the ancient world. The conditions England offered the frail plant suited its growth in a way that in otherlands they did not.

The important question is: are they as favourable to-day? Because, if they are not, and if in that case we do nothing to render them more favourable, liberty will perish here as surely as its less mature growth has perished in Muscovy and Prussia. And of one thing we can be certain: the conditions prevailing in this country to-day are very different from those which prevailed between, shall we say, the years 1500 and 1800—the centuries, that is, most favourable to freedom's growth. At that time England was

primarily a community of farmers, who contrived to work out for their own convenience a system of society and government that gave every encouragement to the development of personal and political liberty. It was not, as is sometimes thoughtlessly supposed, a simple system; on the contrary, it was an intensely complicated one. It was based, as any real structure that ensures individual liberty must be, on an intricate foundation of checks and balances that ensured a measure of freedom and security to every man and licence to none. Its supreme principle was the appeal to law: it depended far more on the writ of Habeas Corpus than the exercise of the vote. The latter was, indeed, nothing more than a way of expressing and recording the legal rights of certain bodies of men, incorporated and acting by law together to maintain their legal rights. Long before

universal franchise was dreamt of as a way of directing the activities of the executive, England was a "free" country—the freest in the world and probably far freer than any (modern Britain and the United States not excepted) that exists to-day. The safeguard of its people's liberties was always the appeal to law: all-out struggles for liberty, wrote the wise Disraeli, smack of law. And the essence of English law was that it was administered in the last resort, not by privileged specialists, but by the ordinary man. It was his right to participate in the jurisdiction of his own affairs that made us a democracy long before the first Reform Bill was even thought of. It would be a disaster to lose our Parliament, but in the long run it would be a worse blow to English liberty to lose the English jury. And perhaps the permanent suspension of Habeas Corpus would be an even more fatal one.

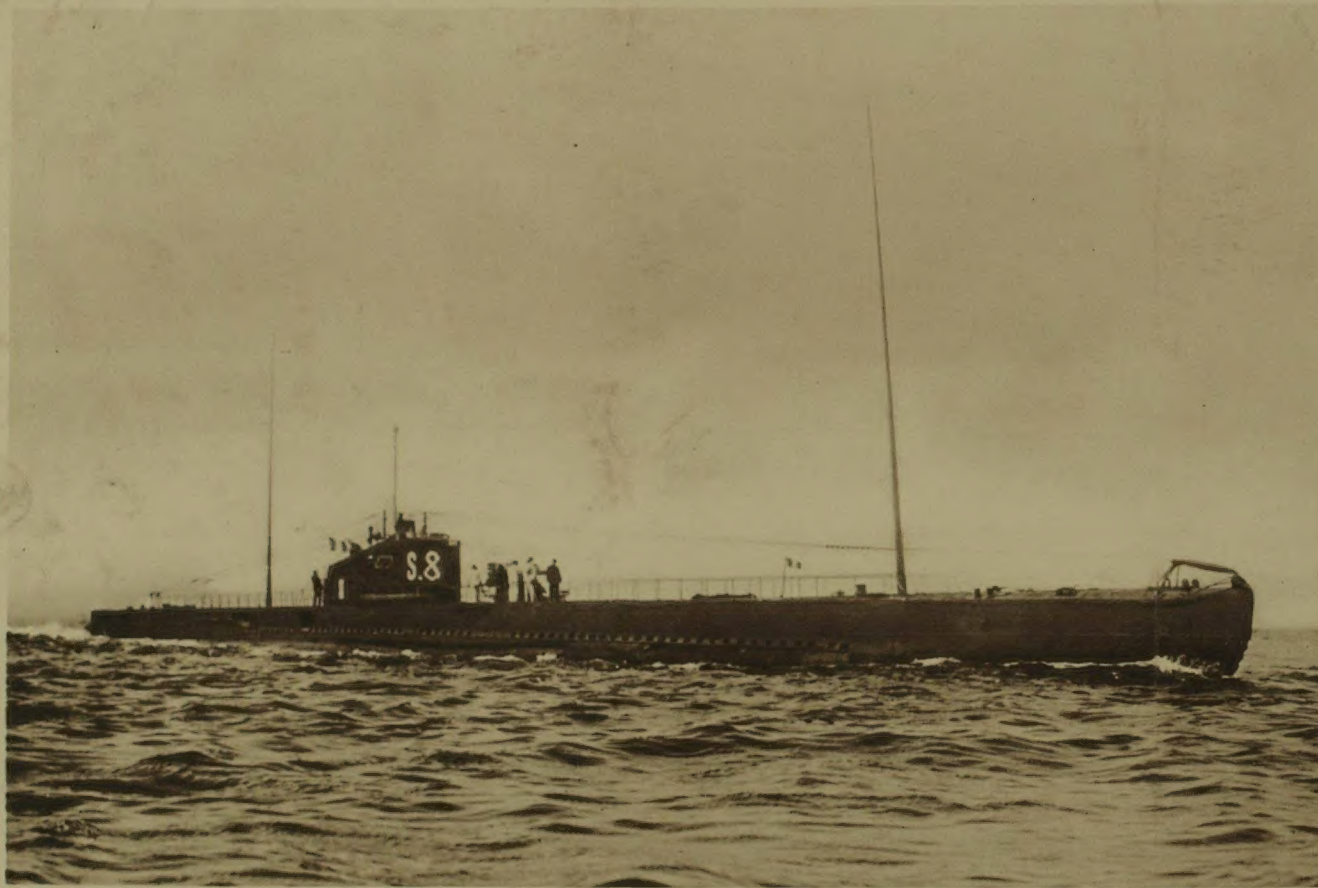
For political liberty, however valuable as a preservative of individual freedom, is not like individual

I remember some years ago stumbling on the explanation of why South Buckinghamshire, unlike the north of that historic political shire, espoused the cause of parliamentary freedom during the Civil War instead of that of Church and King. The reason was a curious one. It had little to do with ship money or John Hampden, or even religion. It had a great deal to do, as is nearly always the case in England, with a solid economic and social grievance. It was bound up with the fear of the bubonic plague which, in popular esteem, the personal rule of the administration was bringing into the south Chiltern valleys. For a little while before a financially embarrassed monarchy had granted to certain monopolists—capitalists and company promoters we should call them to-day—the right to erect paper mills along the river valley below High Wycombe. And the local inhabitants of the valley and the neighbours in all the surrounding hills chose to believe, rightly or wrongly, that the foreign rags imported to maintain

the new industry introduced the plague into Buckinghamshire. Against the unwanted industrialists in their midst they therefore petitioned the Privy Council, though in vain. They had been subjected, in their opinion, to a violation of personal liberty in its most tender and intimate point—that of interference with life and person. Over that interference they were powerless, since the right of restraining it rested not with them—as under a free system it should—but with a distant central authority over which they had no control. They therefore cast their weight on the side of opposition to king, court, and monopolistic favourites. They—the freemen of Buckinghamshire—threw in their lot with John Hampden and the Parliamentary cause.

What proportion, one wonders,

of the people of Britain have any real protection to-day from interference by some powerful outside force with the free enjoyment of their personal property, their forms of livelihood, their homes and their environment? Have the inhabitants of a village or quiet suburb in their individual or corporate capacity, for all their right to criticise Mr. Chamberlain in the public house or read biting criticisms of him in the daily paper, the slightest likelihood of being able to prevent that village or suburb from being transformed into an industrial town if it is to the interest of some small, but powerful group, of more privileged citizens, or even administrators, to do so? And, if not, can we really be certain that the mass of our people enjoys any great measure of real personal freedom? And if the great mass of our people does not enjoy it, who does?



A TRAGIC SEQUENCE OF SUBMARINE DISASTERS—THE THIRD CATASTROPHE IN 23 DAYS: THE FRENCH SUBMARINE "PHÉNIX," WHICH DISAPPEARED AFTER A PRACTICE DIVE IN INDO-CHINESE WATERS WITH 71 ON BOARD.

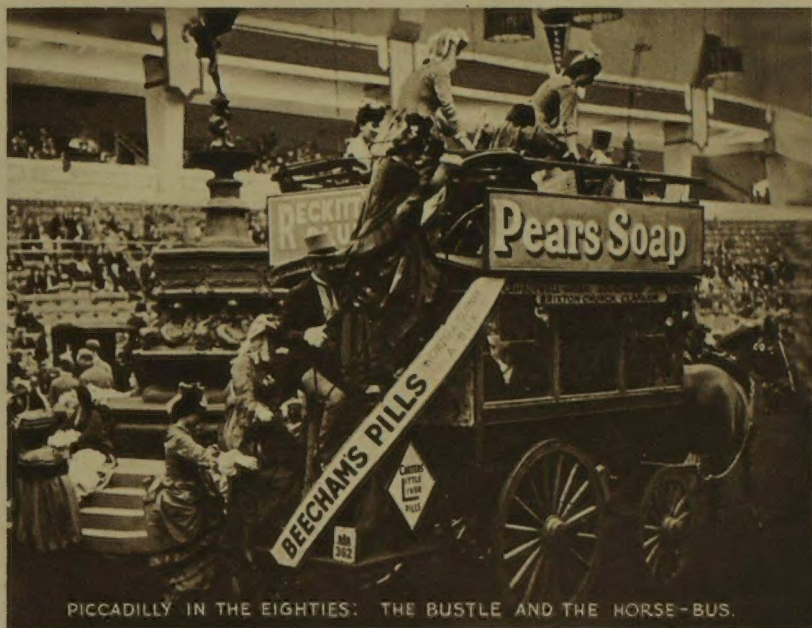
All France went into mourning last week-end for the loss of the "Phénix," a French submarine of the "Redoutable" class, which disappeared on June 15 with a crew of 4 officers and 67 men after making a normal practice fine-weather dive, in over 50 fathoms of water, in Cam-Ranh Bay. She was carrying out exercises with other units of the French Fleet on the Indo-China station, but failed to surface, and a patch of oil was all that could be seen near the spot where she disappeared by the ships and aeroplanes ordered out to search. One conjecture is that the vessel struck a rock, with which the seas there are infested, or went to the bottom, where she would have been crushed by the pressure of the water. The submarine had escape hatches and every man on board was equipped with the Davis life-saving apparatus; but no salvage apparatus was available on the station and the air in the vessel would, it was stated, be exhausted within 48 hours. The above illustration was taken in Toulon Harbour before the vessel's departure for Saigon, where seven of her crew were left behind when she sailed for Cam-Ranh Bay. It was only on May 23 that the world was shocked by the news that the United States' submarine "Squalus" had failed to come up after a dive off the New Hampshire coast. Happily, thirty-three of her crew were saved by means of a special type of diving-bell, but the remaining twenty-six perished through being trapped in flooded compartments. Then on June 1, nine days later, came the news of the disaster to the new British submarine "Thetis," carrying 103 men on board, including many civilian experts, which failed to reappear after a trial dive in Liverpool Bay through the flooding of two forward compartments, only four of the complement making their escape by the Davis apparatus. The tragic disaster to the "Thetis," the worst British submarine disaster since the war, was still fresh in the public mind when the news was received of the total loss of the "Phénix" with all hands.

freedom an end in itself. It is a noble thing that the man in the street should be able to choose and regulate his own life. And if it helps to ensure his doing so, it is a good thing that he should record his vote every four or five years and be free to abuse Mr. Chamberlain or any other politician to his heart's content. Yet these latter rights benefit him only so far as they assist him to retain the former. In themselves they are of small use to him. They may benefit a few professional politicians or vendors of news, but they do nothing directly to enable the ordinary man—nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand—to enjoy freedom in his own home and manner of work and pleasure. And that—and not on the hustings or in the columns of the Press—is where he wants to enjoy it. Professional politicians and 'news-vendors are sometimes apt to forget that.

PICCADILLY IN THE 'EIGHTIES; AND OTHER ITEMS AT THE HORSE SHOW.



INDOOR POLO PLAYED BY WOMEN AT OLYMPIA.



PICCADILLY IN THE EIGHTIES: THE BUSTLE AND THE HORSE-BUS.



VICTORIAN LONDON'S GONDOLA: ENTERING THE ELEGANT AND ROMANTIC HANSOM.



TRANSPORT FOR THE PLEBS: PASSENGERS ABOARD THE "GARDEN SEAT" BUS.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE UNCONGESTED PRE-BOER WAR PICCADILLY SCENE.



A RETURN VISIT: THE ITALIAN ARMY JUMPING TEAM.



THE SPANKING LONDON FIRE-ENGINE—HORSE-DRAWN.

SCENES FROM THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA: INDOOR POLO PLAYED BY LADIES' TEAMS; THE RETURN VISIT OF THE ITALIAN JUMPING TEAM; AND BUSTLES AND HANSOMS FROM "PICCADILLY CIRCUS FIFTY YEARS AGO."

One of the main spectacles at the International Horse Show at Olympia, which opened on June 15 and continues till to-day (June 24), is the display "Piccadilly Circus Fifty Years Ago." Period vehicles, including horse-drawn omnibuses, hansoms, a single-horse brougham, a single-horse Victoria, a phaeton and pair, and one of the two remaining curricles, are driving in leisurely fashion around the statue of Eros—actually not unveiled till 1893. Suddenly the fire-engine, drawn by a splendid pair of greys, dashes into the arena. After obtaining directions from the policeman on duty at the statue, the engine disappears to the scene of

action (off), the other vehicles following to catch a glimpse of the fire. Other features include an equestrian quadrille in Charles I. costume, and tandem riding in Regency dress. France, Belgium, Italy, Eire, and Britain are competing in the military jumping competition. Italy has not competed at Olympia since 1924; her team (left to right in our photograph) consists of Lt.-Col. Lequio (leader); Lt.-Col. Conte Bettoni; Major Filippini; Major Lombardo; Captain Guterrez; and Col. Laderchi, the Italian Military Attaché in London. This visit reciprocates that of the English team to the Rome Horse Show last month.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by William Davis, except for two by Keystone and Planet.

THE JAPANESE BLOCKADE: ELECTRICALLY-CHARGED FENCES AT TIENTSIN.



THE EXTREME MEASURES TAKEN BY THE JAPANESE TO FORCE THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES AT TIENTSIN TO SURRENDER FOUR CHINESE: BARBED WIRE AND AN ELECTRICALLY-CHARGED FENCE ROUND THE BRITISH CONCESSION.



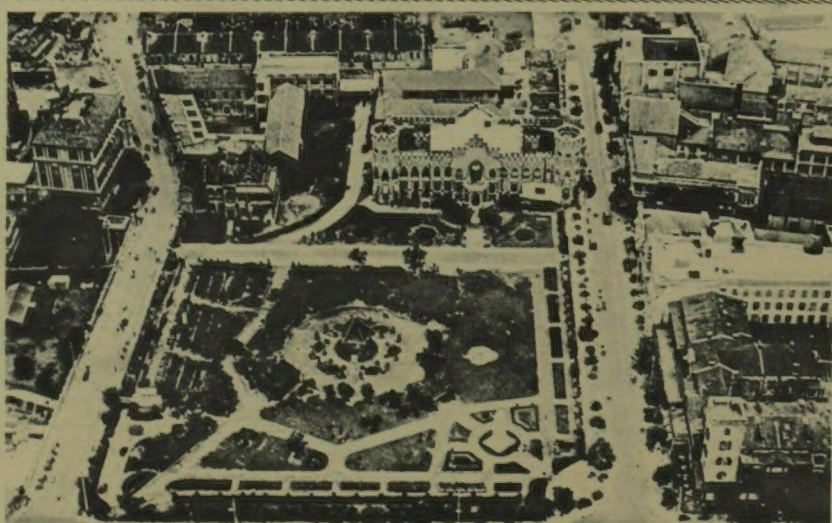
JAPANESE MILITARY ACTIVITY AT TIENTSIN IN MARCH THIS YEAR: TROOPS PATROLLING OUTSIDE THE WIRE BARRICADE ON THE BOUNDARY OF THE FRENCH CONCESSION, WHICH HAS BEEN INCLUDED IN THE BLOCKADE.

THE photographs on this page are exceptionally interesting, for they were taken in Tientsin in March, and show that even at that date the Japanese preparations for blockading the French and British Concessions were well advanced. On June 19 Japanese Army officials announced that, "in order to prevent untoward incidents and needless sacrifices," the thirty-one miles of wire, which had been erected round the Concessions, would be charged with 220 volts of electricity. The Japanese had demanded the surrender of four Chinese, whom they accused of anti-Japanese terrorism, from the authorities of the British Concession, and when their request was refused, isolated the Concession on June 14. The French Concession had also to be included in the blockade as it lies next to the British Concession, and martial law was proclaimed on the Hai-ho River. The seven exits in the wire barricades were guarded by Japanese sentries, who searched

[Continued below.]



CHARGED WITH 220 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY "TO PREVENT UNTOWARD INCIDENTS AND NEEDLESS SACRIFICES": A SECTION OF THE BARBED-WIRE BARRICADE ON THE BOUNDARY OF THE FRANCO-JAPANESE CONCESSIONS.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE BRITISH CONCESSION AT TIENTSIN; SHOWING THE VICTORIA PARK, VICTORIA ROAD, THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE, AND THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND. (Topical.)



SITUATED ON A BEND IN THE HAI-HO RIVER, WHICH WAS PLACED UNDER MARTIAL LAW BY THE JAPANESE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE FRENCH CONCESSION, COVERING AN AREA OF 250 ACRES. (Topical.)

everyone entering the Concessions, and there were reports that British subjects were submitted to the utmost degradation. The boundaries of the British area were patrolled by detachments of the Durham Light Infantry in military lorries, and it was only their presence which prevented a Chinese mob incited by agitators

from entering the Concession on June 15. An authoritative statement was issued on June 16, declaring that "graver issues" had been raised by Japanese spokesmen, who indicated that the surrender of the four Chinese was no longer regarded as the reason for the imposition of measures against the British Concession.

NEWS EVENTS: THE "MAURETANIA'S" MAIDEN VOYAGE, AND TWO DISASTERS.



A TRAGIC ACCIDENT TO AN IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLYING-BOAT, WHICH WAS UNDERGOING TESTS IN VIEW OF THE TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE: THE BURNT-OUT WRECKAGE OF THE "CONNEMARA," WHICH CAUGHT FIRE FOLLOWING AN EXPLOSION ABOARD A REFUELLING BARGE AT SOUTHAMPTON. (Fox.)

On June 19 the Imperial Airways flying-boat "Connemara" was being refuelled at Hythe, Southampton, prior to making a night test flight, when an explosion is reported to have occurred aboard the refuelling barge, followed by an outbreak of fire which involved the flying-boat. The

crews of the "Connemara" and the barge leapt overboard and were picked up by fire-floats and vessels which raced to the scene. The engineer of the barge was, however, reported to be missing. The "Connemara" belongs to the "Cabot" class of Empire flying-boats.



AFTER THE FIRE WHICH INVOLVED THE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLYING-BOAT "CONNEMARA": THE BURNT-OUT HULL OF THE REFUELLING BARGE BEACHED AND SHOWING SIGNS OF THE FIERCENESS OF THE CONFLAGRATION. (Fox.)



THE RAILWAY COLLISION AT HAVANT, HAMPSHIRE, IN WHICH A WOMAN WAS SERIOUSLY INJURED: A BADLY-SMASHED CARRIAGE AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

On June 17 a train running from Waterloo to Portsmouth collided with another travelling from Chichester to Portsmouth at New Havant level-crossing. One carriage of the Chichester train was badly smashed and was lifted into the air by the impact. Two other carriages were derailed. Three women were taken to hospital, two of whom were able to return home after treatment. The third was seriously injured. Many holiday-makers were held up by the accident. (G.P.U.)



THE LARGEST LINER BUILT IN ENGLAND BEGINS HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO NEW YORK: THE NEW 34,000-TON "MAURETANIA" LEAVING LIVERPOOL EN ROUTE FOR QUEENSTOWN, WHERE SHE WAS GIVEN A CIVIC RECEPTION AND HER CAPTAIN WAS PRESENTED WITH A GOLD MEDALLION.

The new Cunard White Star liner "Mauretania," the largest built in an English yard, left Liverpool on her maiden voyage to New York on June 17. She was given a civic reception at Queens-town, where officials headed by Alderman Timothy Quille, representing the Lord Mayor of Cork,

came aboard and presented her captain with a gold medallion inscribed with the arms of the port of Cork and wishing him "peaceful waters." The "Mauretania" will be employed between London, Havre, Southampton, and New York, and will arrive in the Thames on August 7. ("The Times.")

CLAIMED BY NAZI LEADERS TO BE IMPREGNABLE: THE SIEGFRIED LINE.



PART OF THE NEW WESTERN DEFENCE WORKS, RECENTLY DECLARED BY DR. TODT, CHIEF ADVISER ON GERMANY'S FORTIFICATIONS, TO BE THE STRONGEST IN THE WORLD: ANTI-TANK BARRICADES OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE. (Wide World.)



A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF THE POWERFUL CHARACTER OF THE FORTIFICATIONS ERECTED AT HERR HITLER'S ORDERS ALONG GERMANY'S WESTERN FRONTIER, FROM AACHEN TO BASLE: SOLDIERS LEAVING AN UNDERGROUND SHELTER. (Keystone.)



UNDERGROUND PASSAGES RECENTLY RENDERED UNINHABITABLE THROUGH INUNDATION BY RHINE FLOODS: A SOLDIER LEAVING BY A TRAP-DOOR. (Keystone.)



ONE OF THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE NEW GERMAN DEFENCES IN THE WEST, CLAIMED TO BE STRONGER THAN THE MAGINOT LINE: TROOPS ENTERING UNDERGROUND FORTIFICATIONS. (Keystone.)



LISTENING TO THE WIRELESS: A "DUG-OUT" OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE WHICH, TO AVOID RHINE FLOODS, MAY HAVE TO BE RECONSTRUCTED INLAND. (Keystone.)

WE have illustrated in previous numbers of "The Illustrated London News" the French Maginot Line, the Belgian frontier fortifications, and the Marineth Line devised to guard the French Protectorate of Tunisia on the Libyan frontier. The striking photographs appearing on this page are the latest to be made available of Germany's now famous Siegfried Line, already illustrated in previous issues, on which, as Herr Hitler's visit last month indicated, Germany places the highest strategic importance. The new line of defence fortifications was constructed last year under the orders of the Führer, with the commandeered labour of thousands of German

[Continued opposite.]



A CANAL IN THE SAAR REGION, NEAR THE FRENCH FRONTIER, WHICH ENHANCES THE DEFENCE VALUE OF THE BARBED WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND OF THE PHOTOGRAPH: AN EXPANSIVE VIEW OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE, WHICH COMPRISES ALL TYPES OF DEFENCE WORKS. (Keystone.)

workmen. As the illustrations in part show, the Siegfried Line, which it is claimed is "the strongest in the world," includes every kind of defence works. A third line of defences is now in course of construction behind Aachen and Saarbruecken. A report from Strasbourg in May stated that the flood waters of the Rhine had inundated the Siegfried Line over a distance of 30 miles between Strasbourg and Lauterburg. The view was then expressed that further inundations might enforce reconstruction farther inland. This opinion, however, was discounted by the German Press, which declared that the German bunkers were on ground far too high to be affected by a rise in the river.

ANNALS OF THE NAVY: FROM HAWKINS TO NELSON.

"SEA KINGS OF BRITAIN": By SIR GEOFFREY CALLENDER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE three volumes of Sir Geoffrey Callender's "Lives of the Admirals" (as our fathers would have termed them), happen to have run into new editions simultaneously, so this seems a suitable occasion on which to notice them. They originally appeared, at intervals, a generation ago. The first volume, being short, is reissued in a handy cheap form; the others, which are longer, are reissued in a dearer form, are thicker, slightly taller, and in much smaller print. Some time, it may be hoped, a truly uniform little edition may be published of this work, for which a continued demand seems assured. The first volume contains chapters on Hawkins, Drake, Howard, Grenville and Blake; the second covers the admirals from Albemarle to Hawke; the third, which deals with a brief but crowded period, has as sub-title "Keppel to Nelson, 1760-1805."

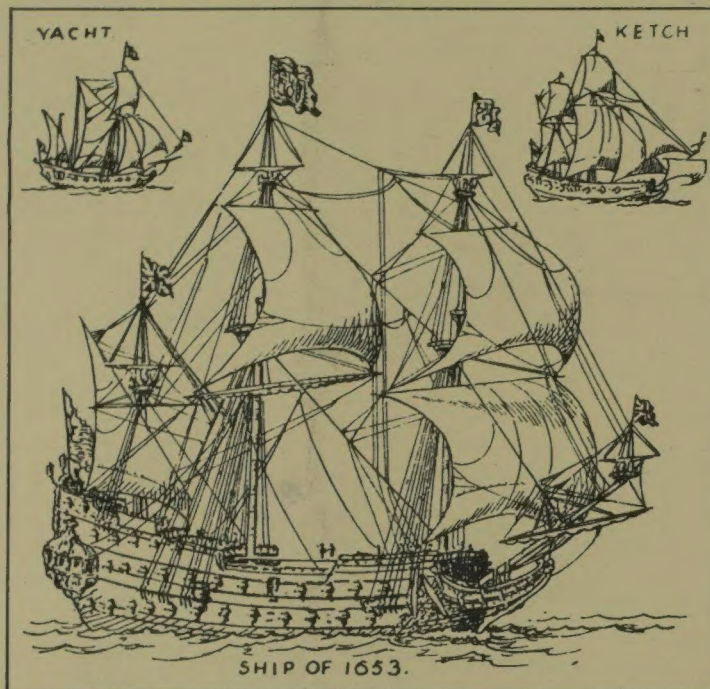
They are not, quite literally, "lives." They are really chapters illustrating the life and feats of the Navy through episodes, strung on a connecting historical narrative, drawn from the seafaring parts of his heroes' experiences. He, for example, who wishes to know where Drake was born, and who his father was (a Kentishman, as a matter of fact), will not find the information here. Drake, after an explanation of Spain and Philip II., first appears in the text thus: "At such a juncture, from out of the deep there rose a mighty arm holding a sword wondrous as Excalibur itself! The sword was the sword of Her Majesty's most humble and devoted servant, Francis Drake, fresh returned from adventures in the West that put legend to the blush. The Queen grasped the sword furtively, stealthily, and with sidelong glances, as one expecting to be detected in the commission of a sin, and many a chronicler has followed her example in refusing openly to acknowledge Drake; but while Elizabeth's attitude was dictated by a caution

that of 1653 to 1855; and they also have glossaries. These glossaries are, rightly, on the full side. It is unlikely that the volumes will have many readers who will have to be told that a wake is "the smooth print or track impressed by the course of a ship on the surface of the water"; but

beginnings, incidentally, were odder even than most: "Samuel Hood, one of the brightest ornaments of British naval history, was born in 1724 at Butleigh, in Somerset. His father was vicar of the parish, with no connections in the Navy and little influence beyond the village boundaries.

But one day an accident happened. Admiral Smith, better known as 'Tom of Ten Thousand,' was passing through Butleigh, when his post-chaise broke down and left him stranded. The inn was small and dark and dingy; and the vicar, hearing of the traveller's plight, put him up at the vicarage. In return for this kindness, the sailor offered to provide for both the vicar's sons if they cared to enter the Navy. The offer was accepted somewhat hesitatingly. There would have been more readiness, perhaps, could the vicar have foreseen that both boys would live to be Admirals and enter the house of Peers."

The last chapter of the book tells with perfectly chosen extracts an eternally inspiring story. "That Collingwood, the master of style, should write the Trafalgar dispatches was appropriate enough. His letter 'moves with the dignity of an anthem, and gives the glory to God, not to man.' But his first thought is for Nelson. "My heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend to whom I was bound by the strongest ties of affection; a grief to which even the glorious occasion in which he fell does not bring the consolation which perhaps it ought." For everyone it was the same, rich and poor, gentle and simple, admiral and seaman; the surpassing splendour of the victory was quenched in the news of Nelson's death. One who died towards the close of the nineteenth century recalled, as the most vivid impression of a long life, a childish memory. The church bells had been pealing and dancing with glee, swinging high and low, like a wedding-chime. It was impossible to miss the

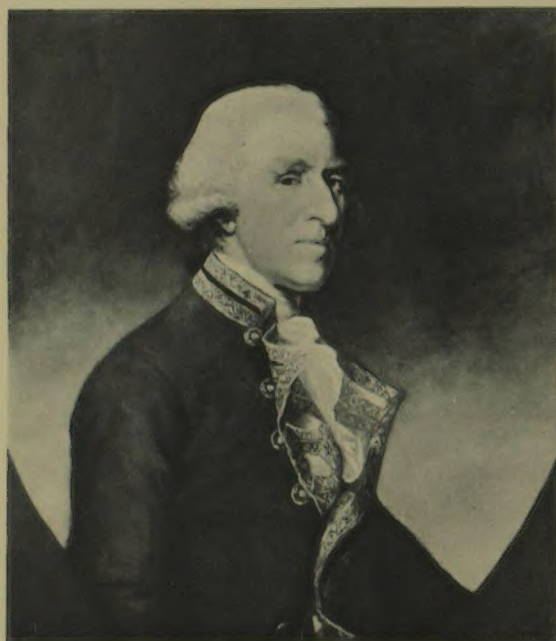


A SHIP OF 1653: THE TYPE OF VESSEL THAT FOUGHT UNDER BLAKE AGAINST VAN TROMP.

The Cromwellian warship was less narrow and less deep-waisted than the Elizabethan vessel. Her stern was no longer given the old square tuck, while her beak was more curved than before and came lower down. A slight advance on the Elizabethan hoy is shown by the yacht (top; left). The ketch (top; right) shows a rig much in favour in the middle of the seventeenth century for pleasure boats and small men-of-war.

one never knows, and it will (for example) be news to many that an argosy is "properly a merchantman hailing from Ragusa in the Adriatic."

The series ends with Nelson being taken to rest in St. Paul's. Not all the great admirals have chapters to themselves, as lives overlapped so much; but a full account of Jervis will be found in the really substantial "life" of Nelson, which is a book in itself, and the career of Hood is safely ensconced in the section on Rodney. Hood's naval



THE "DISCOVERER" OF NELSON, FOLLOWING AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING IN NEW YORK: ONE OF THE NAVY'S GREATEST SONS, ADMIRAL LORD HOOD.

After the Battle of the Saints Hood met Nelson, newly arrived from the St. Lawrence River, at New York. Professor Sir Geoffrey Callender says: "It may safely be affirmed that he was the earliest to discern the immense possibilities in the enthusiastic young captain who paid him such devoted homage. . . ."

(From the Painting by James Northcote, R.A.)

similar to that of Philip, who entered with warm enthusiasm into peace negotiations while he was putting the finishing touches to the Armada, lookers-on at this titanic conflict have been deceived by the courtly graces of the combatants. . . . So long as the reader realises as well as Philip and Elizabeth that the duel was a duel to the death, it is clearly impossible to stigmatise as a buccaneer and a pirate one who combined with the noble and lovable qualities that go to make the ideal commander, a faculty for intuitive discovery of the weak point in his adversary's armour only comparable to that of Nelson himself." Thereafter there are sections dealing with Nombre de Dios, the Circumnavigation, the Descent on the Indies, and the Singeing of the King of Spain's beard, with Newbolt's poem as an epilogue. Most of this chapter is quoted, with full acknowledgment, from Froude's "English Seamen"; Sir Geoffrey's chief aim is to communicate his enthusiasm, and where he can quote well he does not indulge in an unnecessary and artificial rewriting. The level of the volumes, the scope of the research, the detail about the lives of individuals and of the Navy, are steadily more noticeable as the work progresses; whilst the accounts of particular battles would make an anthology in themselves.

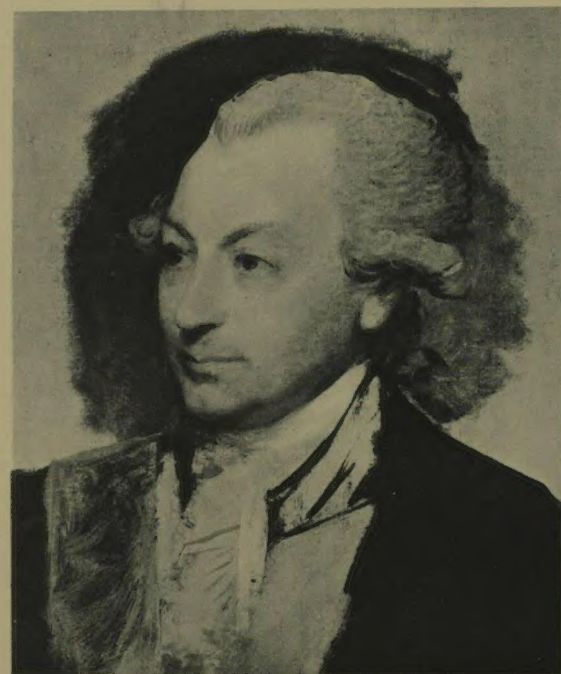
There are maps and plans; and the two later volumes have pictures illustrating the rigs of the old ships, from



NELSON'S SECOND-IN-COMMAND AT TRAFALGAR: VICE-ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD, WHOSE BRILLIANT SERVICES WERE REWARDED WITH A BARONY.

"See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action!" exclaimed Nelson at Trafalgar, watching his Second-in-Command bearing down upon the enemy line in the "Royal Sovereign." This impetuous action gave the necessary lead, for by rushing ahead Collingwood intimated plainly that the need for instant engagement with the enemy ships was not to be disregarded.

(From the Painting by Henry Howard, R.A.)



VICTORIOUS OVER A FLEET TWICE THE SIZE OF HIS OWN: THE EARL OF ST. VINCENT.

On February 14, 1797, Admiral Sir John Jervis, with only ten ships, ran into a large Spanish fleet near Cape St. Vincent. "There are twenty-seven sail of the line, Sir John," declared his chief of staff. "No more of that!" the Admiral replied impatiently. "The die is cast. If there were fifty sail I would go through them."

(From the Painting by Gilbert Stuart.)

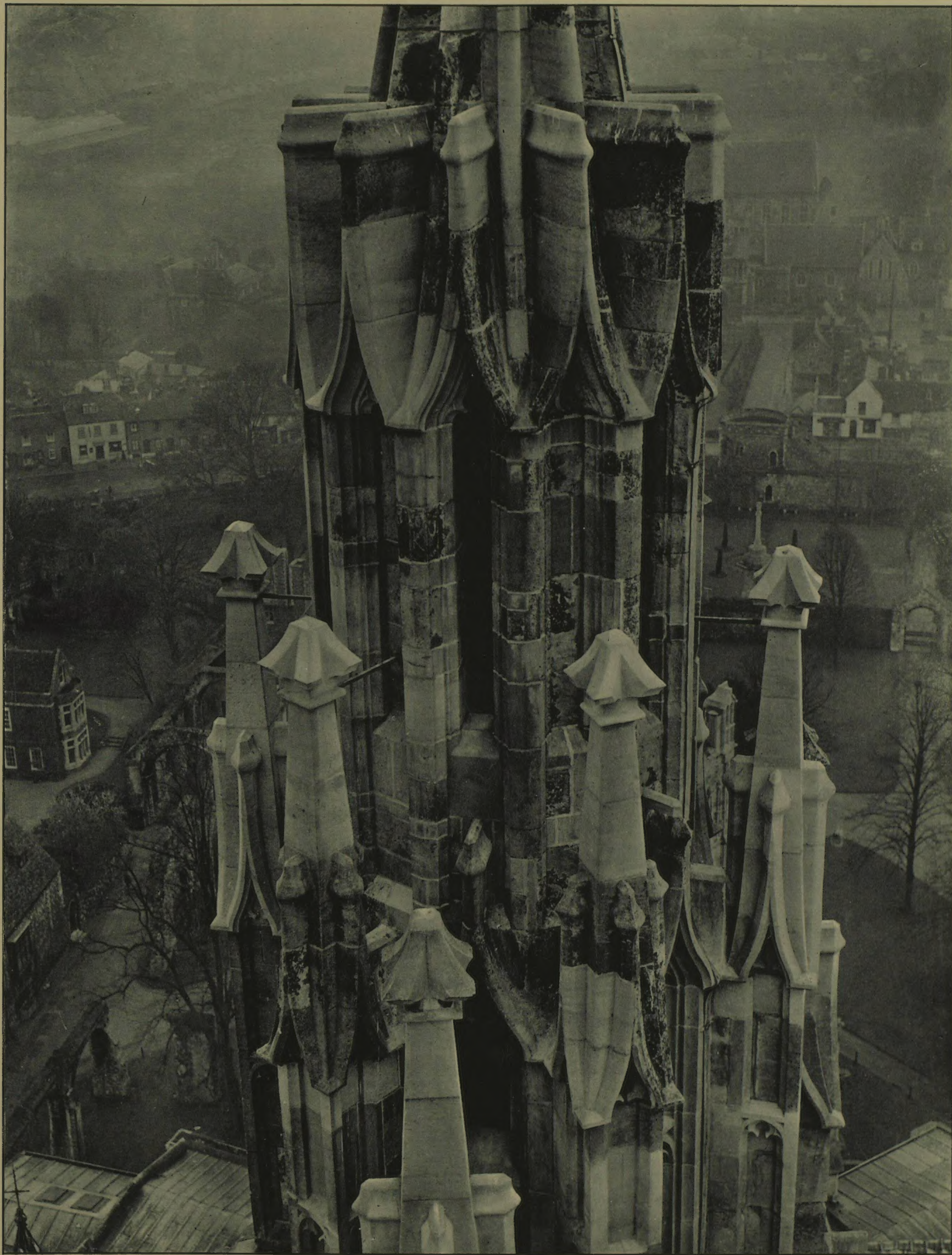
Reproduced from "Sea Kings of Britain"; by Courtesy of the Author and the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. The portraits are in the possession of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich.

infection of their merriment. Then quite suddenly they stopped. Stopped; and with solemn boom came the muffled monotone, the dull clang of the passing-bell. Toll! Toll! The presage of gloom and woe and misery. "Have you heard the bad news?" asked the turnpike keeper. "We have taken twenty ships, but—we have lost Lord Nelson." He brushed a tear away with his sleeve. And here are the words of a simple Jack Tar, one of the "Royal Sovereigns." They are taken from a letter written to his friends immediately after the battle. "Our dear Admiral Nelson is killed! So we have paid pretty sharply for licking 'em. I have never set eyes on him, for which I am both sorry and glad; for, to be sure, I should like to have seen him—but then all the men in our ship who have seen him are such soft toads, they have done nothing but blast their eyes and cry, ever since he was killed. God bless you! chaps that fought like the devil sit down and cry like a wench."

It is a magnificent "curtain" to such a book; but in the long history of the Navy it is but the curtain to an Act, and it would be well were Sir Geoffrey to add a fourth volume showing the continuity of Naval traditions and exploits up to the present day. The death of Nelson did not close the history of the wooden ships; within a few years Navarino and Algiers had been fought, and the duel between the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon," and history had gathered round such names as Exmouth and Codrington.

* "Sea Kings of Britain." By Sir Geoffrey Callender, Director of the National Maritime Museum. Illustrated. (Longmans: Vol. I., 3s. 6d.; Vols. II. and III., 6s. 6d. each.)

"THE SPIRIT OF ANTIQUITY—ENSHRINED": A PINNACLE OF "BELL HARRY."



RESTORATION WORK AT CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: A PINNACLE OF THE CENTRAL TOWER, KNOWN AS "BELL HARRY," CAREFULLY REPAIRED; SHOWING HOW THE ORIGINAL MASONRY IS REPLACED WITH MODERN STONEWORK.

The Canterbury Festival, which opened this year on June 10, attracted thousands of visitors to the Cathedral, many of whom were probably unaware of the unremitting work which is carried on to keep the fabric in repair. Our photograph shows one of the pinnacles of the central tower which are now being restored, and it will be seen that the damaged stonework is replaced with the greatest of care. The Friends of Canterbury Cathedral have made themselves responsible for much of the restoration work in the Cathedral, including the cleaning of the Great

Cloister roof, and the restoration of the tombs of the Black Prince and Henry IV. in the Trinity Chapel. The cost of renovating the four pinnacles on the slender central tower, known as "Bell Harry," is also being borne by them. This work is proceeding steadily and the third pinnacle is now in the hands of the masons. The tower was built between 1495 and 1503 to replace the original Norman "Angel Steeple," which was surmounted by a golden angel, eagerly watched for by pilgrims as they climbed the hill at Harbledown. (Keystone.)



THEIR FIRST STEP TOWARDS A NEW LIFE IN A NEW COUNTRY: A BATCH OF CHILDREN EMBARKED AT TILBURY FOR THE FAIRBRIDGE FARM IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

TRAINING BRITISH CHILDREN TO BE A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN CHILD EMIGRATION TO



PART OF THE TRAINING AT THE PRINCE OF WALES FARM SCHOOL IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: A YOUNG PUPIL LEARNING TO MILK.



INSTRUCTION FOR THE YOUNGER CHILDREN AT A SCHOOL ASSOCIATED WITH THE FAIRBRIDGE SOCIETY: A LECTURE ON DAIRY-FARMING AT NORTHCOTE, VICTORIA.

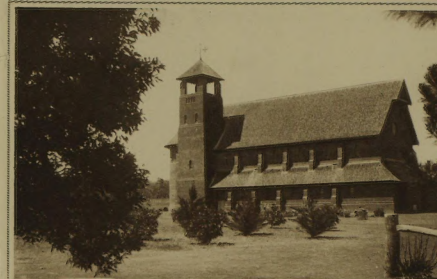
the chairmanship in 1920; as Governor of Western Australia he will know the opportunity and the need. He induced Lady Talbot and Lady Northcote to lend their influence. Both knew Victoria from residence in a Government House. Lady Northcote, indeed, willed £250,000 to found a Farm School in Bacchus Marsh, Victoria. On his death, in 1932, Lord Wenlock was succeeded, first by Admiral Goodenough, then by Sir Roger Lumley—now Governor of Bombay. The present chairman is Mr. Charles Hambro, of Hambro's Bank, Bishopsgate, E.C.4. (The address of the Society is Fairbridge Farm School, Savoy House, Strand.) There are now schools in Pinjarra, [Continued above.]



THE ENTOMOLOGICAL SIDE OF A FARMER'S TRAINING: PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN DEALING WITH NOXIOUS INSECT PESTS, IN MOLONG, NEW SOUTH WALES.

[Continued.] Western Australia: Bacchus Marsh, Victoria; Molong, New South Wales; Duncan, Vancouver Island. The Finty Fairbridge Training Farm on Lake Okanagan, in British Columbia (Captain Dun Waters' gift of last year), provides an introduction for the children of the school at Duncan to the more rigorous conditions of farming on the mainland. The schools are planned to take 280-300 children each—a total of 1400 girls and boys. Every year there will be vacancies for 300 more. The success of the scheme has been such that both South Rhodesia and South Australia are now

FARMERS IN CANADA AND AUSTRALIA. THE EMPIRE: THE FAIRBRIDGE FARM SCHOOLS SOCIETY.



DESIGNED BY SIR HERBERT BAKER, R.A., F.R.I.B.A.: FAIRBRIDGE CHURCH AT PINJARRA, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, THE GIFT OF A PRIVATE DONOR.



PLOUGHING THEIR FIRST FURROW AT MOLONG, NEW SOUTH WALES: FIVE OF THE CHILDREN LEARNING TO DRIVE A TEAM OF FOURTEEN HORSES.



THEIR FIRST SPRING IN CANADA: FIVE YOUTHFUL EMIGRANTS FROM TYNSIDE, WHO SEEM ON GOOD TERMS WITH THE LAMBS.

desirous for the establishment of similar schools. The reason for this success lies largely in the admirable atmosphere and training of the schools themselves. The children, whose training is largely financed by voluntary contributions, and by the guarantees of "godparents," live in families of fourteen, under the care of a foster-mother. Financial aid is also given by the British Government under the British Empire Settlement Act of 1932, and by the [Continued above.]



THE STURDY YOUNGSTERS RAISED BY THE FAIRBRIDGE TRAINING: TWELVE OF THE CHILDREN AT DUNCAN, THE PRINCE OF WALES FARM IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

[Continued.] Governments of New South Wales and Western Australia. The children receive good schooling and at the same time have the fun of living on a big farm. Special talents meet with encouragement; while on a 3000-acre farm there is room for the young agriculturist to find out his bent, whether for horses, or sheep, or dairy cattle and fruit farming. When the children are sixteen or seventeen years old they go to employment, but only to employers known to the Farm Schools authorities as giving just wages and help and protection to their young employees. Half of the children's earnings is paid direct by the employer into the boy's or girl's savings account, for which the Fairbridge Committee is Trustee.

At the age of twenty-one the sum of savings and interest can be drawn and advice is available for its investment. A definite attempt is made by the Society to give the children real roots in the country, and to enable those who display unusual initiative to become themselves smallholders: for this purpose a special fund has been created. Boys and girls can be considered for emigration to the schools up to the age of twelve years. In London at the hotel in Holland Park, and in Birmingham at the Middlemore Homes the children are looked after until they sail to Canada or Australia. This they do in the care of experienced conductors. Contact is maintained with parent or guardian, who receive half-yearly reports on the child's health and progress. Encouragement is also given to the children to write home on the first Sunday of the month. The schools are un denominational in religion; but care is taken that each child is given instruction in the faith in which it was baptized.



ILLUSTRATING THE ALL-ROUND NATURE OF FAIRBRIDGE TRAINING: A LESSON IN TREE-CLEARING, INVOLVING THE USE OF SPECIAL CROSS-CUTTING PLANT.

TO commemorate their Majesties' visit to Canada, and as an appreciation of the interest of the Royal Family in the work of the Fairbridge Farm Schools, an English Member of Parliament has anonymously formed a trust of £5000 in favour of the Prince of Wales Fairbridge Farm School at Duncan. The Fairbridge Farm Schools Society, which was founded at the University of Oxford by Kingley Fairbridge in 1909, has schools in British Columbia, Western Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales. Its purpose is to assist children to emigrate from the crowded centres of Great Britain, and to train them at their schools for life in the Dominions. The Prince of Wales Fairbridge Farm School is situated in the Cowichan Valley, near the town of Duncan, on Vancouver Island. Last year Captain J. C. Dun Waters made over his property in the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia, to the Society as a training centre for the older boys from the Prince of Wales School, where they may learn the craft and practice of mainland farming before they go to look for employment. Kingley Fairbridge started the scheme in quite a small way, in Western Australia. The first school was actually founded in 1912 at Pinjarra, Western Australia—the Kingley Fairbridge Farm School, with 3500 acres—and the children arrived in 1913. A year later came the war, which naturally checked its progress; and a few years later, in 1924, Fairbridge died. But the work continued; though not until 1935 did the second school open—the Prince of Wales School in Vancouver. Sir Arthur Lawley (afterwards Lord Wenlock) had taken over [Continued in centre.]

HAPPIER—AND HEALTHIER—THAN THEY WOULD BE IN THEIR NATIVE TYNSIDE "WYND": TWO OF THE GIRLS ON THE PRINCE OF WALES FARM.



THE FAMILY ATMOSPHERE ENCOURAGED BY FAIRBRIDGE ESTABLISHMENTS: BED-TIME STORIES BY THE FOSTER-MOTHER AT THE SCHOOL IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

A HALT IN THE ODYSSEY OF THE PRADO PICTURES: THE EXHIBITION IN GENEVA OF MASTERPIECES FROM SPAIN.



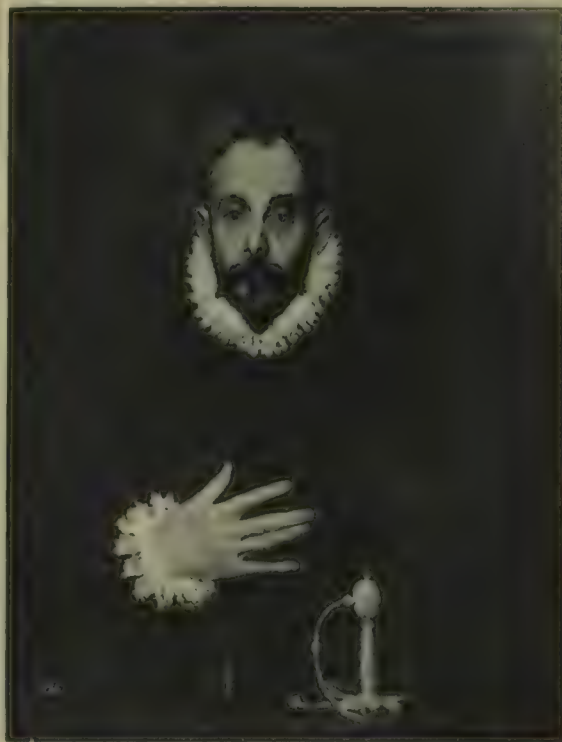
"THE EMPEROR CHARLES QUINT";
BY TITIAN—PAINTED IN 1533.



"LA MAJA DESNUDA"; BY GOYA—PAINTED C. 1798.



"PORTRAIT OF THE DWARF DON DIEGO
DE ACEDO, 'EL PRIMO'"; BY VELAS-
QUEZ—PAINTED C. 1644.



PORTRAIT OF THE KNIGHT WITH HIS HAND ON HIS
HEART"; BY EL GRECO—PAINTED BETWEEN 1577-84.



"MARIE ANNE OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF
PHILIP IV."; BY VELASQUEZ—PAINTED C. 1652.



"PORTRAIT OF A CARDINAL"; BY RAPHAEL—
PAINTED C. 1510.



"PRINCE DON BALTASAR CARLOS"; BY VELASQUEZ --
PAINTED C. 1636.



"CAPTAIN JULIAN ROMERO AND SAINT LOUIS";
BY EL GRECO—PAINTED BETWEEN 1594-1604.



"THE INFANTA MARGARET OF AUSTRIA";
BY VELASQUEZ—PAINTED C. 1660.

As far back as February a carefully packed consignment of works of art arrived at Geneva, was unloaded under the supervision of the International Museums Committee, and handed over to the care of M. Avenol, Secretary-General of the League of Nations. Out of some 1300 pictures and 2000 tapestries then received, about 200 pictures and 22 tapestries remain at Geneva, where they will be on view in the Museum of Art and History until the end of August. If there can be said to be a brighter side to the terrible struggle in Spain, now concluded, it is the preservation of these works of art by the Republican Junta del Tesoro

Artístico. As to their present condition, it is unnecessary to add anything to the reports of the British delegates to the International Museums Committee (Mr. MacLaren, of the National Gallery, and Mr. Stewart, of the Victoria and Albert) which have already appeared in the Press, but it can be said emphatically that no uninformed person visiting the Geneva exhibition would guess for a moment what they have been through. The concentrated effect of masterpieces of painting, not only of the Spanish school but of Italian and Flemish masters, is almost overwhelming. So far as the Spanish school is concerned, though there are works

[Continued opposite.]

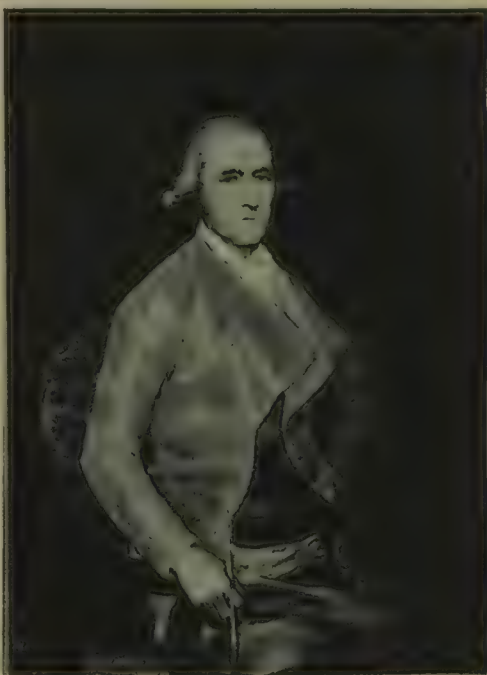


"THE FAMILY OF CHARLES IV."; BY GOYA—
PAINTED IN 1800.

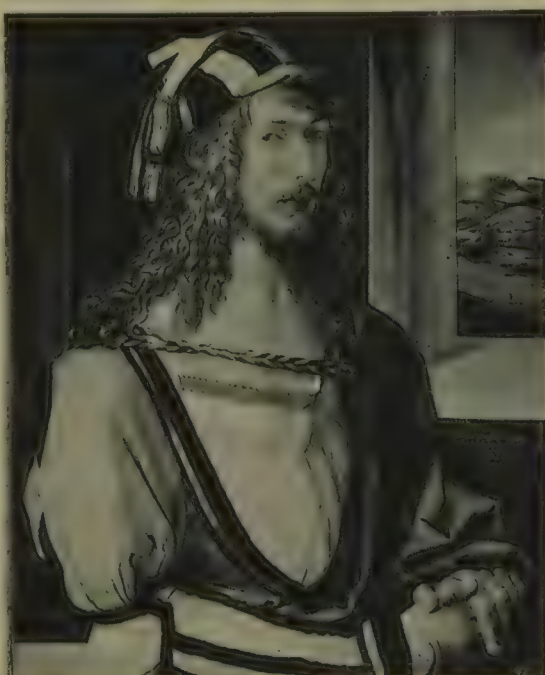
FAMOUS MASTERPIECES
FROM THE PRADO AND
THE ESCORIAL.



"DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS"; BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN.
(FROM THE ESCORIAL.)



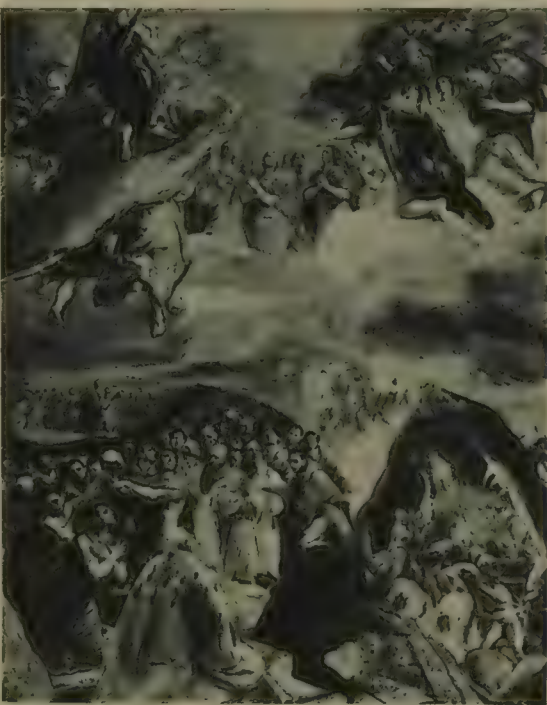
"PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER, FRANCISCO
BAYEU"; BY GOYA—PAINTED IN 1795.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST"; BY ALBRECHT
DÜRER—PAINTED IN 1498.



QUEEN MARIE DE MÉDICIS"; BY RUBENS—PAINTED
BETWEEN 1622-33.



"THE DREAM OF PHILIP II."; BY EL GRECO.
(FROM THE ESCORIAL.)



"LAS MENINAS" (THE MAIDS OF HONOUR);
BY VELASQUEZ—PAINTED IN 1656.



"EL CONDE—DUQUE DE OLIVARES";
BY VELASQUEZ—PAINTED c. 1634.

Continued.

by Zurbaran, Murillo, Ribera, and others, the exhibition rests in the main upon the three great figures of Velasquez, with 34 works; El Greco, with 25; and Goya, with no fewer than 38. When it is said that the works of Velasquez include "The Maids of Honour," "The Spinners," "The Forge of Vulcan," the equestrian portraits of "Olivares" and "Don Baltasar," and the two landscapes of the Villa Médicis Garden; that among the El Grecos are the "Resurrection," from the Prado, and "The Dream of Philip II.," from the Escorial; and that the Goyas include the portraits of "Queen Marie Louise," "Countess Chinchon," and

"Francisco Bayeu," the portrait-group of "The Family of Charles IV.," and the two "Majas," some idea of this unique artistic opportunity will be formed. This is to say nothing of such non-Spanish masterpieces as Raphael's "Portrait of a Cardinal"; Titian's equestrian portrait of "Charles Quint," "Portrait of the Artist," "Danæ" and "Bacchanal"; Rubens' "Queen Marie de Médicis," and "Judgment of Paris"; and Dürer's "Portrait of the Artist"; or of the splendid tapestries from the Royal Palace, Madrid. Under the direction of Señor Sotomayor, Director of the Prado, the exhibition is arranged with exemplary taste.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AMONG the most pre-

cious literary treasures and historical documents in the Library of Congress at Washington are the original manuscript books from which has been printed, for the first time in full, "A DIARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION." By Gouverneur Morris (1752-1816), Minister to France during the Terror. Edited by Beatrix Cary Davenport. With 17 Illustrations (Harrap: 2 Vols.; 42s.). It is not every day that a work of major importance as a first-hand source for the historian is released for publication in its complete form after having been withheld (except for comparatively short extracts) for nearly 150 years. A few quotations were included in the biography of Morris by Jared Sparks, published at Boston in 1832. Rather fuller extracts were made in the edition of Morris's "Diary and Letters" edited by his granddaughter, Anne Cary Morris, published in New York in 1888, but as this latter volume covered the last 27 years of his life, the Diary extracts relating to the French Revolution were necessarily brief. In the same year (1888), Theodore Roosevelt published a study of Gouverneur Morris in the "American Statesmen" series. Now, for the first time, as already noted, Morris's Diary of the French Revolution can be read as a whole; some of its inked-over passages have been deciphered and restored; and it has been printed as far as possible as its author left it. The publication of these volumes is a literary event of the first order.

Here it may be well to point out that "Gouverneur" is not a rank or title (as who should say "Raja" Brooke or "Secretary" Daniels), but a family surname—that of his Huguenot mother, Sarah Gouverneur—used as a Christian name. The value of this Diary resides not only in the things recorded, but in the personality of the recorder. Gouverneur Morris was one of the great figures of his time. He played a leading part in the making of American history and in the establishment of the United States. He was a trusted friend and supporter of George Washington, an able diplomat and financier, and he had the distinction of giving its final literary form to the Constitution. He also left his mark on American coinage by suggesting the use of the decimal system, and of the terms dollar and cent. As a diarist he made the most of a magnificent opportunity. He was American Minister to France (first to the Court and then to the Republic) from 1792 to 1794, and he was the only foreign representative who stuck to his post throughout the period of the Terror.

An aristocrat himself, he was welcome in the best Parisian society, and went everywhere. The remarkable thing is that the social scene goes on, in salon and boudoir, while the streets without swarm with riotous mobs. Morris saved the wife of Lafayette from the guillotine, and made a brave but unavailing effort to arrange for the escape of the King and Queen. Both before and during his term of office in France he made many visits to England, and his London experiences, of course, provide matter of extreme interest to British readers. One day we find him eating oysters with James Boswell, and, at a dinner where they were both guests, getting "very nearly tipsy." Morris also visited Flanders, Holland, and the Rhineland, where he sought to influence emigration to what were then desolate tracts of land around New York.

There is a lighter side to the Morris Diary, for its author, like Samuel Pepys, was a man who combined high efficiency as a public servant with the tastes of a *bon viveur* and the gallantries of a squire of dames. He was a bachelor of forty when he went to Paris, and in spite of a wooden leg (due to a carriage accident), his wit and charm evidently made him popular with the ladies. Thus, an entry in his diary in August 1789 runs: "Observe that I am somewhat a favourite with Madame la Vicomtesse; this must be kept up *et pour cause*. Enquiries I find are made by Lady Dunmore and her Daughter about the *Jambe de Bois*." Later, presumably, it was *Jambe de Cuivre*, for in April 1790 he records: "This Morning I go immediately after Breakfast to a Leg Maker and have my right Leg taken in Plaster of Paris as a Model by which to make a left Leg of Copper." Possibly the artificial leg, whether of copper or timber, exercised a fascination akin to that of the Byronic limp. Be that as it may, Morris had several love-affairs, the most serious and intimate being that with the Comtesse de Flahaut, previously the mistress of Talleyrand. Touching on what might be called the erotic relief to the tragic political drama in the Diary, his great-granddaughter, who has edited it, writes: "So much is confided to the diary that the impression may be of a boaster of

By CHARLES E. BYLES.

women's favors, so it cannot be too strongly emphasised that no word of this appears in any of Morris's letters; let readers remember they are prying at keyholes; he is talking to himself alone, for it is known he would have liked his letters published, but not his diary."

There was something Byronic, too, in this versatile American's flair for impromptu verses dashed off on restaurant bills or any scrap of paper that was handy. Sometimes these effusions touch on politics, as in an extended epistolary poem addressed from Paris to the Countess of Sutherland; but most of them are of a lighter sort. Thus, for his half-brother, General Morris, on his presenting an



HOW THE HOBBY'S NEST SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED: A "HIDE" ERECTED IN A NEIGHBOURING SAPLING OF EQUAL HEIGHT. The "hide" from which the nest was photographed placed in a near by sapling of similar height to the Scotch fir, and erected on a rough framework of wire and strong branches. Owing to the slenderness of the sapling the contraption proved very unsteady, even the breathing of the photographer being sufficient to cause a movement.



READY TO FLY AWAY: A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF YOUNG HOBBIES TRYING THEIR WINGS FOR THEIR FIRST FLIGHT.

The hobby lays a normal clutch of three eggs, but one of the eggs in the nest shown in the above photograph has failed to hatch. The fledglings—and, indeed, hobbies at all ages—are extremely shy; and indignant at any human intrusion, lying on their backs and striking with their talons. Mr. G. K. Yeates, who sends us these photographs, states that the two chicks left the nest after being fed by the parent, as depicted on the opposite page. "As I climbed out of the 'hide,'" he writes, "they spread their wings and flew weakly but surely to a near-by tree."

orange to a Miss Byron, the poetical diplomat scribbled on the back of a letter—

On Ida's Top in Days of old
As Homer has the Story told
'Mid rival Goddesses from Heav'n
To Venus was the Apple giv'n,
The Prize of Beauty more than human.
To you, dear amiable Woman,
'Mongst fair ones who have no Dispute,
I now present a finer Fruit;
Of sweeter Smell and brighter Hue
More worthy to be offer'd you.

Gouverneur Morris was manifestly a gallant man in both senses of the word. Every page of his Diary and

letters shows him calm and steadfast amid the "red fool fury of the Seine" that was raging around him. That he was also a humane and compassionate man is likewise evident throughout his references to the horrors of the Revolution, concerning many of which he writes as an eye-witness. Thus, in a letter to Jefferson dated Dec. 29, 1792, he says: "I come now to the Trial of the King, and the Circumstances connected therewith. To a Person less intimately acquainted than you are with the History of human Affairs, it would seem strange that the mildest monarch who ever fill'd the French Throne, one who is precipitated from it precisely because he would not adopt the harsh Measures of his Predecessors, a Man whom none can charge with a Criminal or cruel Act, should be prosecuted as one of the most nefarious Tyrants that ever disgraced the Annals of human nature. That he, Louis the sixteenth, should be prosecuted even to the Death. Yet such is the Fact. I think it highly probable that he may suffer."

Later, describing the actual scene at the King's execution, he writes: "The greatest care was taken to prevent an Affluence of People. This proves a Conviction that the majority was not favorable to that severe measure. In Effect the great Mass of the parisian Citizens mourn'd the Fate of their unhappy Prince. I have seen Grief such as for the untimely death of a beloved Parent. Every thing wears an appearance of Solemnity which is awfully distressing." After the King's death, Morris discontinued his Diary, for fear it should in any way compromise his French friends. Miss Davenport adds a concluding paragraph which forecasts the publication of subsequent letters. "The Diary," she says, "has petered out, the King has been beheaded, these two volumes must hold no more. But Morris's mail-bag for the next two years is well worthy of a third, not only for diversity of human interest, but to correct an impression of Morris's work for his country's merchant marine given through Thomas Paine by biographers of Paine who have never seen the American Minister's correspondence with injured sea-captains, or with United States consuls at Dunkirk, Havre, Marseilles and Bordeaux." All readers of the Diary will look forward to the promised sequel.

That "vast volcano" (as Morris called it), whose eruption is known to history as the French Revolution, had long given warning of its intentions by preliminary rumblings. They had been heard even during the previous reign, of which we have a French biographer's new and original study in "Louis XV." By Alfred Leroy. Translated by Nora Green (Massie Publishing Co.; 8s. 6d.). A portrait of Louis as a child, by Hyacinthe Rigaud, forms the Frontispiece, which is the only illustration: The English version reads well, but I have noticed some signs of imperfect proof-reading, and—a more serious defect—there is no index.

The book has a particular claim on the British public, since it was in a London art gallery—the Wallace Collection—that the author first got the idea of writing it, inspired by a group of eighteenth-century French paintings and other relics of Louis the Beloved. "I resolved," writes M. Leroy, "to devote some deep study to him. It is from this desire, blossoming on foreign soil in the course of a morning's visit to Hertford House, that this biography was born. . . . As my work of research progressed, the false picture of a Louis XV., voluptuous, selfish, and of no account, gave way to an infinitely more complex being—a Louis XV. stripped of the legends and slanders which besmirch his memory; and winning our sympathy and pity, even our admiration and respect. . . . From his birth to his death I have followed the life of a much misunderstood sovereign; I have drawn him from no preconceived picture, but by giving credit to evidence worthy of belief and rejecting what was unworthy of consideration; never accepting any opinion without going back to the source from which it came. . . . As Michel de Montaigne wrote: 'The bitterest and the most difficult profession in the world is the profession of king.'"

French history might conceivably have taken a different turn but for the premature death of Louis XV.'s eldest son, of whom M. Leroy says: "From his union with Marie-Josèphe of Saxony the Dauphin had had one daughter and four sons: the Duc de Berry (the future Louis XVI.), born in 1754; the Comte de Provence (the future Louis XVIII.), in 1755; the Comte d'Artois (future Charles X.), in 1757. A faithful husband, who

[Continued on page 1184.]

THE RAREST BRITISH FALCON: THE SHY, JUNE-NESTING HOBBY.



THE RAREST AND PERHAPS THE FASTEST BRITISH FALCON: A HOBBY FEEDING ITS YOUNG ON CAPTURED SWIFTS IN AN OLD CARRION CROW'S NEST, PHOTOGRAPHED IN HAMPSHIRE.

Rarest of the British breeding falcons, the hobby (*Falco subbuteo*) is found chiefly in the heath and plain counties of Southern England, where it occupies for the summer the old nests of carrion crows. Its wings are exceptionally long and the flight is so remarkably fast that the swallow, or even the swift, can be seized by the hobby on the wing. The bird in this photograph is feeding its chicks on captured swifts. It feeds mainly, however, on dragon-flies, beetles, and the larger grasshoppers, and unlike most British birds, builds no nest for itself, but uses the deserted ones of crows, rooks, or magpies, and even sometimes of

squirrels! The hobby, which arrives in small numbers from mid-April to the end of May, is a handsome bird, somewhat larger than the merlin, with a longitudinally striped breast. Eggs, which are three in number and richly red in hue, are seldom found before the middle of June. The nest shown in our illustration was discovered in a low Scotch pine in a densely wooded area in Hampshire, and contained two young chicks and one addled egg. When photographed the birds swooped down to mob the intruder. The young hobbies, which take just over a month to fledge, are fully grown. (Photograph by G. K. Yeates.)

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CAULIFLOWER.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

MOST of us who possess, or are possessed by, a garden give pride of place in our hearts to the "flower-garden." All that live in the kitchen-garden are commonly regarded as so many vegetable Cinderellas, to be enclosed within a brick wall, or a hedge, and left to the gardener! The one is a pleasure for the soul, a feast for the eyes; the other a feast in anticipation. Even those who love to fare daintily give but little thought to cabbages and cauliflowers, peas and potatoes, unlovely yet indispensable to our well-being and enjoyment though they be.

This view of my garden came to me when, a few days ago, my attention happened to be caught by a cauliflower—or, to be quite accurate, a broccoli. On the dinner-table we cannot distinguish between the two. I recalled the fact that this white "flower-head" was an object of more than ordinary interest, for it was formed of a closely-packed cluster of degenerate flower-buds which could never produce either flowers or seeds. Whence, then, came the seeds from which the cauliflower is raised? The gardener, I thought, could soon solve that mystery. But, to my surprise, he knew no more than I did. For when, in reply to my question, he told me that he bought his seed from the seedsman, I asked him where did the seedsman get them from? He said he did not know. I soon found he was not the only gardener who had never given a thought to this problem. The mystery was solved for me by my postman, who is, I know, an enthusiastic gardener, and grows his own seeds. He said there was no mystery about the matter. You just cut out the "cauliflower-head," take it home for dinner, and leave the stalk in the ground, when it would, in a short space of time, throw up flower-heads of the normal type, producing seed-pods in the usual way. Next day he brought me some flower-heads, seen in Fig. 2, wherein the flowers and the growing seed-pods can be seen.

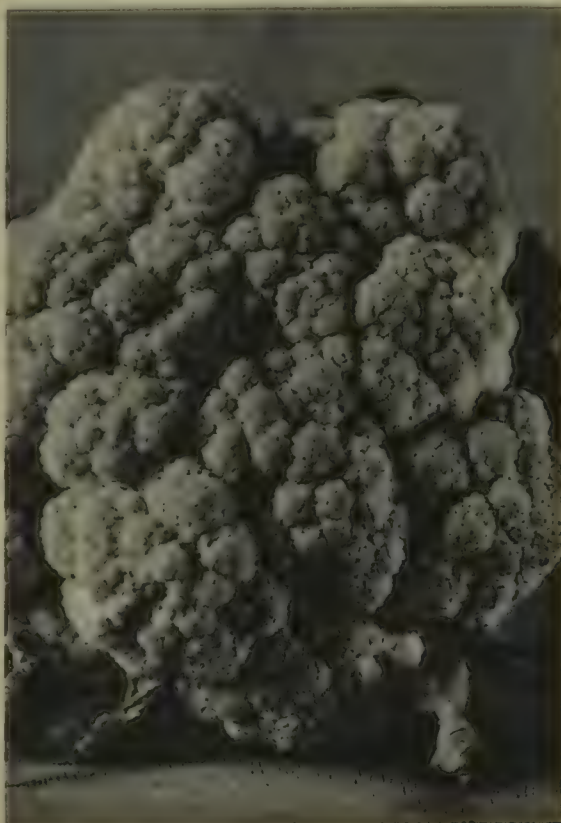
Having got this information, my appetite was whetted for more! I found that the cauliflower,

it may have resembled the blue sprouting-broccoli of to-day. Some of my readers may be able to tell me much more about this plant than I know. I have never seen it growing, and I can find nothing about it in any of my books. All that I do know I owe, again, to my friend the postman, who brought me,

had come into being, efforts to improve it would have become "purposeful."

When we come to consider, not merely that "poor relation" of the cauliflower, the "blue-sprouting broccoli," but all the other nearly related types of the kitchen-garden—the cabbages of various kinds, kale of various kinds, and brussels sprouts—the only real rival of the cauliflower—we shall find that they are the descendants of the wild sea-cabbage, or some other very closely allied species which would need a botanist to distinguish. The sea-cabbage (*Brassica oleracea*) is a conspicuous plant on many of the cliffs of Cornwall, Devonshire, Wales and Yorkshire, and I have been told that on the lofty heights of Dover it is from May till the end of the summer one of the loveliest ornaments of the cliffs. This being so, one wonders why it has not been accorded a place in our flower-gardens. But it will also grow, and thrive, at the bases of the cliffs, amid the sand and shingle just above the high-water mark, and where it is often dashed with spray. The flowers do not differ from those of our garden plants, but the leaves are long and narrow. Herein we see the results of cultivation. The gardener took no interest in the flowers, but the leaves, for various reasons, seemed to him well worthy of his special attention. The fruits of his labours we reap to-day in the strangely curled leaves of the various kinds of kale, and the great fleshy leaves of the cabbage, and the still more remarkable miniature cabbages which we call "brussels sprouts." But here, again, as with the cauliflower, the trend of his labours must have followed in the track of variations which seemed to him worth fostering. He could never have seen, in imagination, what we now actually see.

But there is yet another aspect of these plants, and that is their varied savours. To my thinking, the only two that are really worth cultivating are the cauliflower—and, of course, its counterpart, the broccoli—and the brussels sprouts, though I admit that the red-cabbage has something to commend it! How, and when, did these several savours and qualities



1. COMPOSED OF A TIGHTLY PACKED CLUSTER OF TINY FLOWER-BUDS, DESTINED NEVER TO BECOME FULLY-FORMED FLOWERS: THE HEAD OF A CAULIFLOWER.

two or three days ago, specimens of the flower-head. The unopened flower-buds of this are of a bluish-violet colour, but when expanded, as in the cauliflower, of a beautiful canary-yellow. Here, as in the cauliflower, it is the flower-heads that are eaten, but in this case they are the unopened fertile flower-heads, for no massed clusters of degenerate flowers are ever produced.

Here, then, I suspect, we have the cauliflower of the "ancient Greeks and Romans." Assiduously cultivated by horticulturists for more than two thousand years, we may imagine the numerous side-branches and the central flower-stalk grew shorter and shorter, till at last all the flower-heads were brought down to a common level. And by this time the habit of producing a second flower-head of seed-producing flowers would have come into being. I was not a little surprised that a volume I have on "The Origin of Cultivated Plants" makes no mention whatever of this strange and most interesting riddle of the origin of the cauliflower. Since the cauliflower is one of the choicest, and most delectable of our table vegetables, it is strange that no one should ever have shown any curiosity as to its pedigree. Some, of course, may have been deterred from giving rein to such curiosity by remembering the old adage: "Never look a gift horse in the mouth."

I am feeling a little dubious about my own suggested line of evolution, and it may well be that gardeners with vastly more experience than I have in the cultivation of vegetables may be able, now that the hare has been started, to make successful coursing! I should certainly be glad to receive any letters from my readers on this theme. But there is another aspect of this problem. The early gardeners could have had no "prevision" of what the cauliflower of their day was eventually to become. That is to say, they had no standard of perfection to guide them. Things had largely to take their own course. But when at last something resembling what we now call a cauliflower



2. SHOWING A FEW OF THE LONG, SLENDER SEED-PODS JUST TAKING SHAPE LOW DOWN THE STEM ON THE RIGHT: THE FERTILE FLOWER-HEAD OF THE CAULIFLOWER WHICH APPEARS AFTER THE EDIBLE FLOWER-HEAD HAS BEEN CUT OUT.

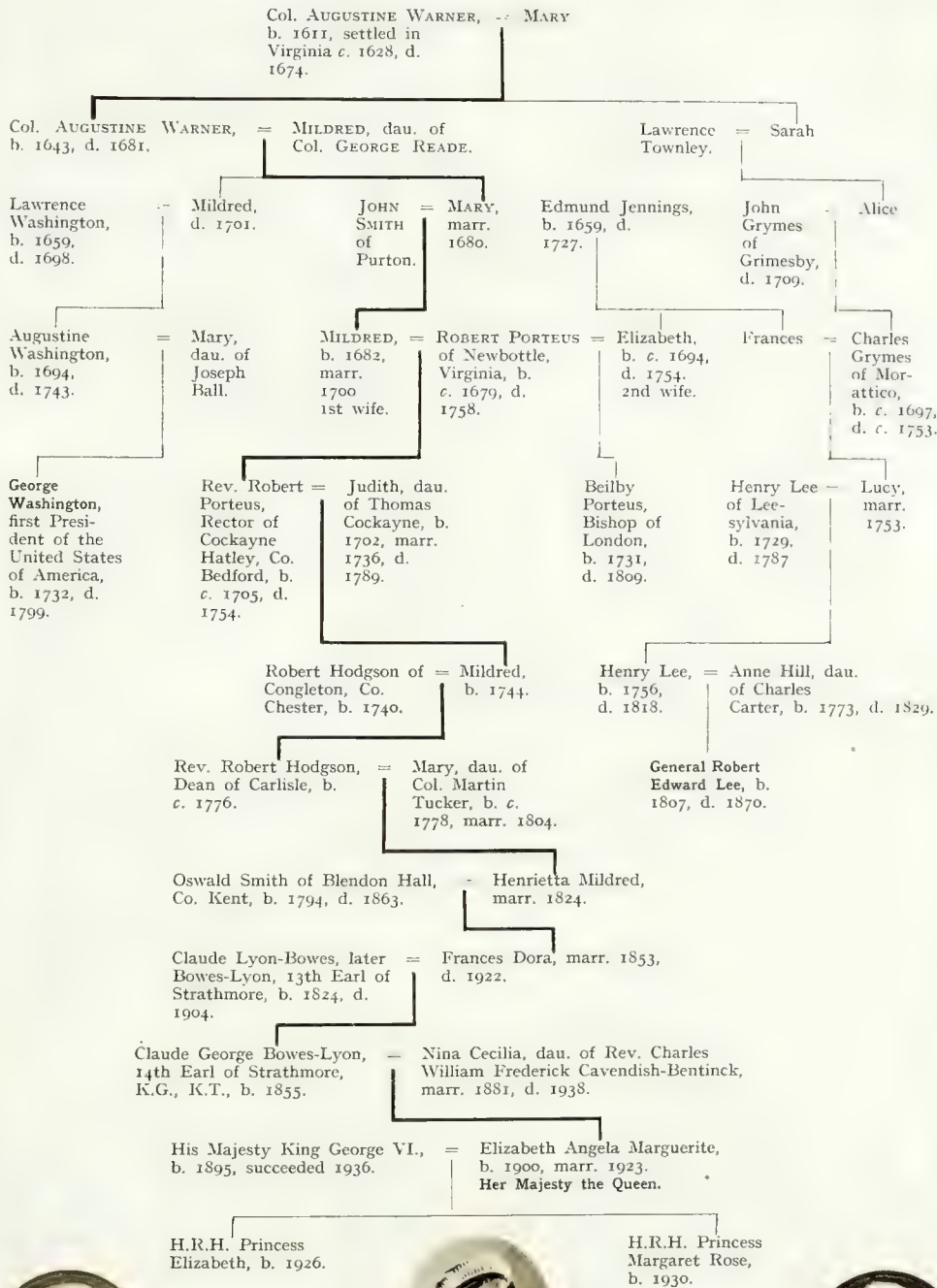
according to my "Encyclopædia," was known to the Greeks and Romans. That was quite a long time ago! But I cannot believe that the cauliflower of those days bore any very close likeness to that of our own horticultural shows. It occurs to me that



3. PROBABLY THE ANCESTOR OF OUR CAULIFLOWERS, CABBAGES, KALE AND KINDRED VEGETABLES: THE WILD CABBAGE, OR "SEA-CABBAGE" (*BRASSICA OLERACEA*), IN WHICH THE FLOWERS ARE SMALLER BUT OF THE SAME LEMON-YELLOW COLOUR AS THOSE OF THE CULTIVATED DESCENDANTS OF THIS PLANT.

Photograph by Harold Bastin.

for which we cherish them, come into being? The savours are apparently inseparable from the plants, and were no more "anticipated" by the horticulturist than were their other peculiarities.



GEORGE WASHINGTON
(1732—1799.)



H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH.



ROBERT E. LEE
(1807—1870.)

The Queen's Cousinship to George Washington and Robert E. Lee.

The pedigree above is taken, by kind permission of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, from an article on "The Queen of England's American ancestry and cousinship to Washington and Lee," by Mr. Anthony R. Wagner, Portcullis Pursuivant of the College of Arms, which is to be published shortly in the Society's "Record." The article begins with a short discussion of the royal ancestry in general and points out how her present Majesty brings to the royal stock descents of outstanding interest from the point of view both of history and heredity. Among these the most unexpected is probably a descent traced by Mr. Wagner, and, so far as he can discover, not previously noticed, from several

early settlers in Virginia. It comes, as will be seen, through the Porteus family, of whom Robert Porteus, after serving as a Member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia, returned to England and died at Ripon, where there is a monument to him in the Cathedral. Robert Porteus' first wife, Mildred Smith, was a niece of Mildred Warner, the grandmother of George Washington. Through this descent her Majesty is second cousin six times removed to Washington. The common ancestor of the Queen and Robert E. Lee is Colonel Augustine Warner the elder, the first of that family to settle in Virginia. Through this, her Majesty is fifth cousin four times removed to Lee.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, AND OTHER U.S. SCENES.



THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE BRITISH PAVILION—WITH THEIR MAJESTIES IS THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, SIR RONALD LINDSAY, AND BEHIND THEM MRS. GROVER WHALEN, AND ON HER RIGHT MR. MACKENZIE KING.



THE THOUSANDS OF BOY SCOUTS WHO GATHERED IN THE COURT OF PEACE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR TO CHEER THEIR MAJESTIES. (*Wide World.*)



THEIR MAJESTIES' INTEREST IN U.S. WELFARE SCHEMES: INSPECTING A C.C.C. CAMP AT FORT HUNT; ON THE KING'S LEFT IS THE CAMP COMMANDER, CAPT. HENDERSON, AND THE C.C.C. DIRECTOR, R. FECHNER. (*Keystone.*)



THEIR MAJESTIES AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, WITH ITS PRESIDENT, DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, WHO LATER SHOWED THEM THE CHARTER GRANTED BY GEORGE II. (*Wide World.*)



THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING THE CANADIAN PAVILION AT THE WORLD'S FAIR; WITH CANADIAN EX-SERVICE MEN IN THE FOREGROUND. (*Keystone.*)



WAVING A ROYAL GOOD-BYE TO WASHINGTON: THEIR MAJESTIES EN ROUTE FOR SANDY HOOK, WHENCE A DESTROYER TOOK THEM TO NEW YORK. (*Planet.*)

Before leaving Washington for New York, their Majesties visited a C.C.C. camp (Civilian Conservation Corps) at Fort Hunt—one of the many in the United States where the unemployed perform useful work and receive outdoor training. Their Majesties arrived at the Battery, near New York, on June 10, having travelled from Washington to Sandy Hook, where the Royal Party embarked in a destroyer. Some 3,500,000 people lined the road to the World's Fair and

cheered their Majesties. During luncheon the band of the U.S. Navy played "The British Grenadiers." Then the band's place in the Court of Peace was taken by the Boy Scouts seen above. Their Majesties then visited the Empire Pavilions touring the Fair in one of the special tractor trains. From the Fair their Majesties drove to Columbia University, to be received by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who showed them the original charter of the University granted by George II.

A HISTORIC WEEK-END VISIT: THE KING AND QUEEN AT HYDE PARK.



A HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE ROOSEVELT ESTATE, OVERLOOKING THE HUDSON RIVER: THE KING AND QUEEN WITH MRS. SARAH ROOSEVELT (THE PRESIDENT'S 85-YEAR-OLD MOTHER), MRS. ROOSEVELT (LEFT), AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (RIGHT), ON THE PORCH AT HYDE PARK. (A.P.)

LEAVING Columbia University, New York, on June 11, where they were met by the University President, Dr. Nicolas Murray Butler, the King and Queen were motored 70 miles north to President Roosevelt's country estate at Hyde Park. Here their Majesties spent the week-end as the guests of the President and

(Continued on right.)



THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF DRIVING HIS ROYAL GUESTS TO A PICNIC AT THE DUCHESS HILL RETREAT, ON THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY ESTATE. (Keystone.)



LEAVING HYDE PARK STATION AT THE CONCLUSION OF THEIR VISIT: THE KING AND QUEEN WAVING GOOD-BYE TO THEIR HOSTS. (Associated Press.)



OUTSIDE ST. JAMES'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH: (L. TO R.) REV. RAYMOND SMITH, REV. FRANK WILSON (RECTOR), THE QUEEN, THE KING, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, MR. JAMES ROOSEVELT (THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER), AND MRS. ROOSEVELT. (A.P.)

(Continued.)

Mrs. Roosevelt, and the President's aged mother, Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt, who was entertained to tea at Buckingham Palace on the occasion of her last visit to England. From the illustrations appearing above it is evident that both the royal guests and their genial hosts thoroughly enjoyed the visit.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL VISITORS ON THE FIRST STAGE OF THEIR HOMEWARD JOURNEY—THE ROOSEVELTS SMILING AND WAVING FAREWELL. (Planet.)

EXPRESSING UNAFFECTED ENJOYMENT: THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE U.S.A.



SUNSHINE AND SMILES: A PICTURE OF HAPPINESS, SHOWING THE QUEEN, WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, SEATED ON THE PORCH OF THE PRESIDENT'S COUNTRY HOME AT HYDE PARK. (Keystone.)



A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR, WHERE THEIR MAJESTIES SIGNED THE GOLDEN BOOK AND INSPECTED MANY OF THE EXHIBITS: THE KING AND QUEEN WAVING ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO WELCOMING CHEERS FROM THE BALCONY OF THE FEDERAL BUILDING, ON THE COURT OF PEACE. (Keystone.)



THE KING SIGNING THE GUEST BOOK AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR, WHILE THE QUEEN SMILINGLY AWAITS HER TURN, SHOWING MR. GROVER A. WHALEN, PRESIDENT OF THE FAIR CORPORATION, STANDING. (Wide World.)



AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY: THE RECEPTION TO MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH COLONY ON JUNE 9. (Wide World.)



ONE OF THE KINDLY GESTURES WHICH ENDEARED THEM TO AMERICANS: THE QUEEN, BESIDE THE KING, AT THE BATTERY. (Planet.)



WITH MAYOR AND MRS. LA GUARDIA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR: THE KING AND QUEEN, OBVIOUSLY ENJOYING THEMSELVES, ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR A TOUR OF THE FAIR GROUNDS IN A TRACTOR-TRAIN. (Planet.)

IF Americans still cherished any doubts about the democratic simplicity of the British Royal Family these were finally dispelled by the visit this month, brief as it was, to Washington and New York of the King and Queen, whose frank and unaffected enjoyment of the tumultuous reception accorded them won the public affection wherever they moved. As the delightful study of the Queen and President Roosevelt together shows, the weather reflected the happy smiles of the royal visitors and their hosts, much of the visit, in fact, taking place at the height of a June heat-wave. The King by his dignity, naturalness and obvious pleasure, and the Queen by her radiant smile, disarmed all criticism: and, as the illustrations on this page demonstrate, a spirit of spontaneous gaiety pervaded every event.

IN 1863 the President of Trinity College, Oxford, the Rev. John Wilson, D.D., presented a late fifteenth-century Flemish shield of parade to the mediæval collections of the British Museum. In 1938 the Trustees directed that this shield should be cleaned, after consultation with Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery. The work was entrusted to Dr. H. Ruhemann and carried out in the studio of the National Gallery. The results were remarkable, revealing a treasure apparently unique, and of the same character as the famous triptych of Richard II. now in the National Gallery. In a note in the British Museum Quarterly Mr. T. D. Kendrick, Keeper of the Department of British and Mediæval Antiquities, says: "The first discovery was that almost the whole of the gilded background was modern, as was the scroll inscribed 'Vous ou La Mort'; all this was removed, and we have now the original gilding with its stippling of crimson spots and the original scroll, which was found to have been inscribed with white letters instead of a legend in black. The charming figures of the knight and his lady have also been very considerably improved by the removal of over-paint. In the figure of the knight we can now admire the authentic steely sheen of the armour, and we can observe the delicate painted hands that were found under the crudely daubed later versions. At his feet Dr. Ruhemann discovered an admirably drawn armet beneath the botched and blackened actor's property that had been painted over it, while between the left knee of the knight and his helmet there has emerged a pair of gauntlets that was invisible before. The figure of the lady is improved to an even greater extent; for the removal of the gross overpainting at the foot of the skirt has revealed the original feet in their open-toed shoes and has transformed the ermine into a light and graceful trimming; moreover, the full length of her chatelaine has now been exposed and we can see its terminal jewel. We have every reason to be proud of this pavise, for it is unquestionably the finest in the known series of painted shields. . . . The only other shield known to me that has on it a figure-subject of the same quality is the splendid Renaissance pavise of Pompa Bentivoglio at Bologna . . . that must have been the work of an artist of equal ability to that of the Flemish painter of the British Museum shield."—[Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum. Copyright reserved.]



A LATE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FLEMISH PARADE SHIELD AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM REVEALED AS A UNIQUE TREASURE AFTER CLEANING.

WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN ON THEIR RETURN TO ENGLAND.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.



THE RETURN OF THEIR MAJESTIES FROM THEIR TOUR OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA AND THEIR HISTORIC VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The King and Queen arranged to conclude their visit to Canada at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on June 15, and to board the "Empress of Britain" there before visiting Newfoundland, Britain's oldest colony. It was expected that their Majesties would leave on their voyage to England on June 17, arriving

at Southampton on June 22, where a warm welcome had been prepared for them. Included among the arrangements made to celebrate the return of their Majesties from the Dominion of Canada and the United States was a luncheon given by the Corporation of London in Guildhall on June 23.



Gentlemen! *your* **Johnnie Walker** —

That's what we call service ! However many racquets a champion may need, for real refreshment he need only order a Johnnie Walker. Why is Johnnie Walker so refreshing? Because every whisky in the blend—and that includes all Scotland's finest whiskies—is chosen for some special individual quality, which is actually enhanced by the blending. If it's a matter of men's doubles—make them Johnnie Walker.



Born 1820
—still going
strong

THE ROYAL TOUR—THE LAST DAYS, AND DEPARTURE FOR NEWFOUNDLAND.



TAKING THE SALUTE OF EX-SERVICE MEN GATHERED ON THE GREEN OUTSIDE THE PROVINCE BUILDING: THEIR MAJESTIES, THE KING IN NAVAL UNIFORM, DURING THEIR VISIT TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.



THE LAST DAYS IN CANADA: THE QUEEN WITH COLONEL MURRAY MACLAREN, THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK, WHICH THEIR MAJESTIES VISITED ON JUNE 13.



ABOARD THE CANADIAN PACIFIC'S MOST MODERN LINER, WHICH LEFT HALIFAX FOR NEWFOUNDLAND, THE LAST PORT OF CALL, AND BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY, ON JUNE 15: THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN," WHICH SERVED AS A ROYAL YACHT FOR THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

On June 14, their Majesties' last full day in Canada, the King and Queen visited the smallest province of the Dominion—Prince Edward Island, with a population of 88,000. At the little port of Charlottetown their Majesties disembarked from the Canadian destroyer "Skeena." The King inspected a guard of honour of the Prince Edward Island Highlanders, and "God Save the King" was played on bagpipes. On leaving, the King spent some time talking with ex-Service men—this he did

on every possible occasion, though it was never on the official programme. As in New Brunswick, visited the previous day, the enthusiasm was tremendous—in New Brunswick it is estimated that a crowd of 80,000 cheered their Majesties as they drove through the streets in Fredericton to the Legislative Building, where they were welcomed by the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Murray Maclaren, and the Premier, Mr. A. Dysart. (Photographs by Keystone and Planet.)

THE END OF A GREAT TOUR: THE ROYAL FAREWELL TO CANADA.



THE DEPARTURE OF THEIR MAJESTIES FROM CANADA FOR NEWFOUNDLAND IN THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN": THE SCENE AS THE 42,000-TON C.P.R. LINER LEFT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 15.

On June 15, on a summer's evening as fine as the summer's morning on which they had arrived, their Majesties left Canada for Newfoundland in the C.P.R. liner "Empress of Britain." In two moving speeches the King and Queen separately expressed their gratitude for the welcome given them by Canada. In his speech the King said: "From the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the tropics to the Arctic lies a large part of the earth where there is no possibility of war between neighbours

whose peoples are wholly dedicated to the pursuits of peace, a pattern to all men of how civilised nations should live together." The King also spoke in French. The Queen ended her speech: "To the people of Canada and to all the kind people of the United States who welcomed us so warmly last week, to one and all on this great and friendly continent, I say 'Thank you. God be with you and God bless you. *Au revoir et Dieu vous bénisse.*'" (Photograph by A.P.)

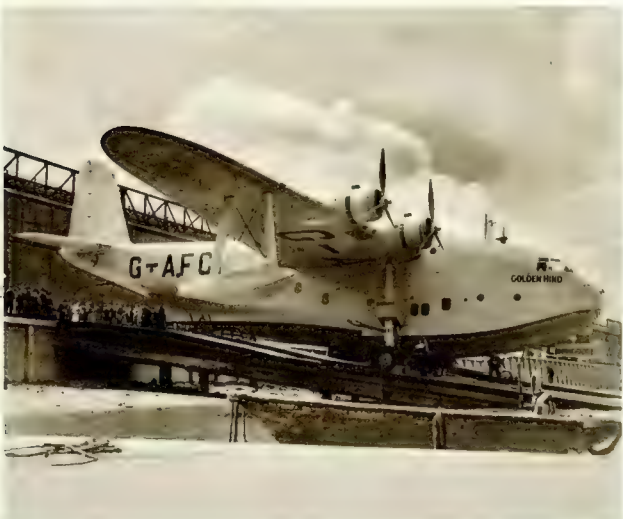
ATLANTIC AIR-LINER : THE NEW "GOLDEN HIND."



SHOWING HER GREAT WING-SPREAD: A TOP VIEW OF THE "GOLDEN HIND," THE FIRST OF THREE NEW GIANT IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLYING-BOATS, RECENTLY LAUNCHED FROM MESSRS. SHORT BROTHERS' FACTORY AT ROCHESTER. (Wide World.)



ONE OF THE THREE IMPERIAL AIRWAYS FLYING-BOATS BUILDING FOR THE ATLANTIC SERVICE: INSIDE THE HULL OF THE "GOLDEN HIND," WHICH FLIES 6000 MILES NON-STOP AND WHOSE CARRYING-WEIGHT EQUALS 150 PASSENGERS. (S. and G.)



THE LARGEST COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT TO BE LAUNCHED SO FAR IN THIS COUNTRY, DESIGNED TO BE CAPABLE OF CROSSING THE ATLANTIC WITH CONSIDERABLE PAY-LOAD WITHOUT HAVING TO REFUEL IN THE AIR. (Keystone.)

The "Golden Hind" the first of the three big Atlantic "G" class flying-boats which have been ordered from Messrs. Short Brothers by Imperial Airways, was launched from the firm's factory on the Medway on June 17. She has an interior on the two-deck plan, and an "all-up" weight of approximately 31½ tons. The upper deck will be for the crew's accommodation and for mails, while the lower is for passenger use. The craft will be powered by four "Hercules" engines, and is capable of cruising at between 180 and 190 miles an hour, with a maximum speed of over 200 miles an hour. Some idea of the gigantic size of the flying-boat may be gathered from the fact that it has a carrying-weight equal to 150 passengers and is designed to fly 6000 miles without alighting. The "Golden Hind" represents a development of the Short Empire type, but is nearly twice as big, the loaded weight being over 70,000 lb. Her over-all length is 103 ft., compared with the 88 ft. of the Empire type.

THE CHELSEA DAYLIGHT A.R.P. REHEARSAL.

The first daylight rehearsal of air-raid precautions on a large scale was held in Chelsea on June 19, when the normal life of a part of the borough was brought to a standstill for fifteen minutes. The demonstration was watched by Sir John Anderson, the Minister for Civil Defence, Admiral Sir Edward Evans, and Sir Ernest Gowers, Regional Commissioners-designate for London, and observers from all parts of Great Britain. For the purposes of the rehearsal parts of the pavement were roped off to represent shelters, and when the warning was given some 7000 people voluntarily took refuge in them. Traffic co-operated with the authorities and cars and buses drew into the kerb when the sirens sounded. The opportunity was also taken to test the measures adopted for evacuating children, and they were escorted from the schools to the entraining stations—each child wearing an identification label and carrying a gas-mask, spare clothing and food for 24 hours. Some 400 air-raid wardens were on duty and "casualties" were treated by first-aid detachments. Aircraft of the R.A.F. represented the raiders.



OBTAINING A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CHELSEA A.R.P. REHEARSAL: (FROM L. TO R.) ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD EVANS, SIR JOHN ANDERSON, MINISTER FOR CIVIL DEFENCE; AND SIR ERNEST GOWERS, A REGIONAL COMMISSIONER-DESIGNATE. (Fox.)



PREPARED FOR EVACUATION: A GROUP OF CHILDREN, WEARING IDENTIFICATION LABELS AND CARRYING CLOTHING AND 24-HOURS' FOOD-SUPPLY IN BAGS, WAITING TO BE ESCORTED TO THE STATION DURING THE CHELSEA REHEARSAL. (A.P.)



PREPARING DIRECTION-BOARDS INDICATING THE NEAREST BOMB-PROOF SHELTER IN READINESS FOR THE CHELSEA A.R.P. REHEARSAL: WOMEN AIR-RAID WARDENS WEARING STEEL HELMETS AND OVERALLS TRY THEIR HAND AT SIGN-WRITING. (L.N.A.)

PERSONALITIES AND NEWS OF THE WEEK :

PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

LORD WIMBORNE.

Died on June 14; aged sixty-six. Was M.P. for Plymouth from 1900 to 1906 and for Cardiff District from 1906 to 1910. Was Paymaster-General, 1910-12. In 1915 was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; resigned over the Easter Rebellion of 1916, was exonerated and served until 1918.



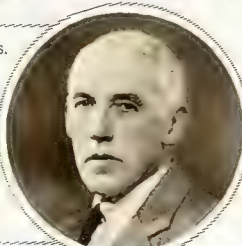
BRIGADIER SIR JOHN LAURIE, BT.

Has been Commander, Tientsin Area, British Troops in China since April 16 this year, and is responsible for the military precautions taken to safeguard the British Concession during the Japanese blockade. Served in Great War, 1914-18, and commanded the 2nd Battalion, The Seaforth Highlanders, 1934-38.



MR. A. WALLIS MYERS.

Died on June 16; aged sixty. Had been Lawn Tennis correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" for thirty-one years. In 1924 founded the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain and was subsequently elected chairman and vice-president. Had captained British teams sent to Europe, South Africa, and India.



TESTING A "K" TYPE OBSERVER'S GUN: SIR KINGSLEY WOOD AT THE VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS ARMAMENT WORKS AT CRAWFORD, KENT.

Sir Kingsley Wood, the Air Minister, visited the Vickers-Armstrongs armament works at Crayford, Kent, on June 19. He made a thorough tour of the factory and personally tested different types of aircraft guns at the ranges. Our photograph shows him operating a "K" type observer's gun in a dummy cockpit.

M. COUDURIER DE CHASSAIGNE.

Recently awarded the Prix Vitet by the Académie Française for his book, "Les Trois Chamberlain" in which he paid a warm tribute to the British Prime Minister's efforts to safeguard the peace of Europe. He is a well-known contributor to "L'Illustration," our French contemporary.



LORD HENRY SEYMOUR.

Died on June 18; aged sixty-one. Had been Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire since 1938. Entered the Army in 1899 and served in South Africa, 1900-02. During Great War saw service in the Cameroons and in France. Commanded the Regiment and Regimental District, Grenadier Guards, 1927-29.



MR. C. HASSALL.

Awarded the Hawthornden Prize on June 15 for his book of poems, "Penthesperon." In making the presentation, Mr. John Masefield, the Poet Laureate, expressed deep admiration for Mr. Hassall's work, and stated that they looked forward to his future with the greatest expectation and delight.



IDENTIFIED AS ONE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' TRINKETS: A RENAISSANCE GOLD PENDANT ENGRAVED WITH HER ARMS AND CIPHER.

The Renaissance gold pendant reproduced above is to be offered at Sotheby's on June 29. It has been identified as one of Mary Queen of Scots' trinkets and bears on the obverse the legend "In Defens" over the cipher "M.R." The reverse is centred with an eight-petal flower-head on a translucent red enamel ground.



A FAMOUS GREYHOUND TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM: THE STUFFED BODY OF MICK THE MILLER.

Mick the Miller, the famous racing greyhound which won more than £20,000 in prize money during his career, died of old age on May 5. His owner, Mr. A. H. Kempton, offered Mick the Miller's body to the Natural History Museum, and the greyhound has now been stuffed for exhibition.



NOLLEKENS' FAMOUS BUST OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, WHICH HAS BEEN MISSING FOR SOME TIME, NOW IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On June 15 the Dean of Westminster announced that Nollekens' famous bust of Dr. Johnson, the whereabouts of which has for some time been generally unknown, had been presented to Westminster Abbey by its owner and that they had found a place for it on the wall which overlooks Johnson's grave.



LINING THE RAILS OF THEIR SHIP ON ARRIVAL AT GENOA: MEN OF THE ITALIAN AIR FORCE REPATRIATED FROM SPAIN.

On June 15 2800 men of the Italian Air Force returned to Italy after thirty months' service in Spain. The King of Italy welcomed them as they disembarked at Genoa. A Spanish Air Mission, composed of forty officers and led by General Kindelan, returned with them and it was expected that its members would visit aircraft factories and the aeronautical research centre at Guidonia. It was recently stated that the Italian air personnel in Spain numbered 5699.



THE GREATEST NUMBER OF PEOPLE TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC IN A HEAVIER-THAN-AIR MACHINE: "ATLANTIC CLIPPER" PASSENGERS AT LE BOURGET.

A rehearsal of the Pan-American Airways Transatlantic passenger service, which is due to start on June 28, took place on June 17, when the "Atlantic Clipper" left Port Washington with thirty people aboard, nine more than had ever crossed in a heavier-than-air machine before, for the Azores, Lisbon, and Marseilles. The passengers included four newspaper women, and eight newspaper men who flew from Marseilles to Le Bourget in a land-plane where a reception was held.

THE ART OF ANCIENT MALAYA: METAL-WORK FROM KEDAH SITES.



FOUNDATION DEPOSITS DISCOVERED IN THE BRONZE CASKET ILLUSTRATED BELOW, IN A CAVITY IN THE PLINTH OF A NINTH- OR TENTH-CENTURY TEMPLE AT KEDAH: (FIG. 1; LEFT) A GROUP OF SILVER OBJECTS, INCLUDING A NOOSE (UPPER ROW) AND (LOWER ROW) A BOW, ARROWS, SWORD, DAGGER, SHIELD AND STAFF—POSSIBLY REPRESENTING THE ATTRIBUTES OF A DEITY SUCH AS AVALOKITESHVARA; AND (FIG. 2; RIGHT) OTHER OBJECTS INCLUDING (UPPER ROW) A BELL (?), BOOK (?), AND A BOWL, AND (MIDDLE ROW) A DAMARU DRUM AND LOTUS, AND (LOWER ROW) A SILVER BULL, A BRONZE HORSE, AND A TIN LION. (ALL ACTUAL SIZE.)



3. THE BRONZE CASKET IN WHICH THE FOUNDATION DEPOSITS ILLUSTRATED ABOVE WERE FOUND IN A CAVITY IN THE LATERITE PLINTH OF A NINTH- OR TENTH-CENTURY TEMPLE IN KEDAH. (ACTUAL SIZE.)



4. PART OF A BRONZE-HILTED DAGGER, FOUND IN THE RUINS OF A BUILDING AT KEDAH; PROBABLY OF THE 8TH CENTURY. (3½ IN. WIDE.)



A REMARKABLE TREASURE OF THE LATE HINDU PERIOD FROM KEDAH: PARTS OF A PAIR OF HEAVY GOLD CROSS BELTS FISHED UP FROM A SWAMP, AND PARTLY MELTED DOWN BEFORE THE REMAINDER COULD BE PLACED IN THE STATE TREASURY, INCLUDING A FLEXIBLE SECTION-MADE OF GOLD WIRE (FIG. 5; LEFT), AND A CLASP COVER WITH A "LION-FACE" DESIGN (FIG. 6; RIGHT). (FIG. 5 REDUCED; FIG. 6 ACTUAL SIZE.)



Having discovered traces of a brick-lined chamber in the plinth of one of the 9th-10th century temples at Kedah, Mr. Quaritch Wales proceeded to examine the same position on the site of another temple, and here the brick-lined chamber was discovered intact. Standing in the cavity, exactly as it had been placed there a thousand years ago, was the bronze casket illustrated in Fig. 3, and when opened it revealed the foundation deposits of unique interest shown in the upper

illustrations. In the centre of the casket was a small silver bowl containing a gold nugget and a pearl, while at each of the cardinal points stood the small figure of an animal, each made of a different metal and including a silver bull, tin lion, and bronze horse. Above the silver bowl was a silver lotus, and arranged round the bowl, besides gems and coloured glass objects, were a number of miniature weapons and mplements in silver.—[PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY H. G. QUARITCH WALES.]

PIONEERING IN THE UNEXPLORED FIELD OF MALAYAN ARCHÆOLOGY:

NEW LIGHT ON THE EXPANSION OF ANCIENT INDIAN CULTURE AND MAHĀYĀNA BUDDHISM FROM SITES IN KEDAH.

By H. G. QUARITCH WALES, M.A., Ph.D., Field Director, Greater-India Research Committee. (See also illustrations on pages 1169 and 1171.)

The efforts of the Greater-India Research Committee, which have provided subjects for illustration in our pages in previous years, have now been directed to the task of investigating the past of Malaya, an area in which no systematic examination of historic sites has ever been undertaken. Excavations in the State of Kedah, carried out under the direction of Mr. Quaritch Wales, have proved most fruitful, and promise to do much towards filling in the gaps in our knowledge of the course of the ancient Indian colonisation movements. A Sanskrit tablet brought to light near the Merbok estuary has put the date of the earliest known occurrence of Mahāyāna Buddhism in this region back to the sixth century; and the subsequent history of Hinduism is continued by sixth-, ninth-, and tenth-century sites.

DURING the years 1937 and 1938 some fourteen months were devoted to archaeological explorations in the Malay States of Kedah, Perak and Johore, with funds provided by the Governments concerned. The object of the work was primarily to gain by practical means a fuller understanding of the processes of ancient Indian cultural expansion which led ultimately to the flowering of the Indo-Javanese and Khmer civilisations in the further East. It was apparent that the solution of certain important problems concerning the history of Indian colonisation and of South Eastern Asia in general was being delayed by an almost complete absence of accurately recorded data from British Malaya, where no systematic investigation of historic sites had ever been undertaken. Indeed, it was commonly supposed that Malaya was a country of little archaeological interest; but a study of the Arab, Chinese

discovery thus suggests that the introduction of Mahāyāna Buddhism into South-Eastern Asia antedates by more than a hundred years the dated Mahāyāna inscriptions from Sumatra, previously believed to be the earliest evidence of the "Great Vehicle" in this region. The political status of Kedah at this early period is uncertain, but it may well have been dependent on the ancient state known to the Chinese as Lang-ya-hsiu, the capital of which was on the east coast, in the neighbourhood of Ligor. Then, about the end of the sixth century, with the coming of the Hindu Pallava colonists to Kedah, this important port and its surrounding territory probably became powerful enough to proclaim its independence, adopting for itself the name of its one-time overlord in the form Lankasuka by which it was known in later centuries. In the seventh and eighth centuries the Hindu city of Lankasuka flourished on the banks of the River Bujang. The excavation of a number of mounds revealed the remains of ruined Shiva temples of the period. Fig. 14 is a typical example of the main sanctuary or *vimana* of one of these temples. Only the lower courses of massive laterite remain standing on a basement of boulders. From the river landing a terraced laterite approach led up to the *vimana*. On either side of the main sanctuary were the stone basements of subsidiary shrines, the whole assemblage standing within an extensive walled enclosure. There was sufficient evidence to establish beyond doubt the Pallava affinities of the art of the colonists.

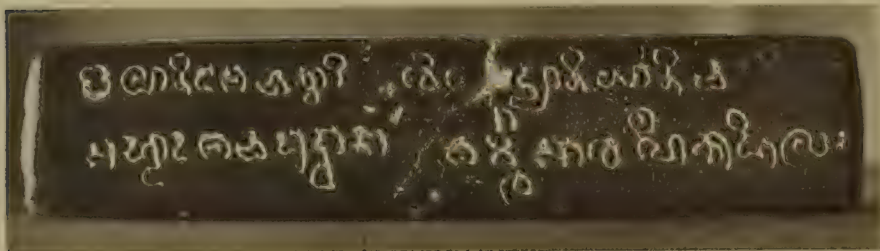
The temple buildings themselves were undoubtedly built largely of perishable materials, and this applies even to the apparently massive *vimanas*, so far as their superstructure is concerned. Thus even in South India we should have little idea as to the appearance of a Pallava temple had it not been that at Mahabalipuram (near Madras, and commonly known as Seven Pagodas), King Mamalla (630-668 A.D.) had caused to be hewn out of the living rock stone replicas, known as *rathas*, of the temples of his time. Fig. 11 illustrates one of them, Sahadeva's *Ratha*, and I have chosen it because, though perhaps the more frequent type of temple (like the miniatures represented at the corners of the upper stages) was built on a square base with a vaulted roof, this particular *ratha*, with its waggon roof, is of special interest in connection with an object that was found among the boulders in the bed of the River Bujang near one of the Shiva temples. It is the roof of a miniature bronze shrine (Fig. 12) such as was used in India more particularly in connection with domestic worship. The simple and distinctive form of this roof clearly indicates Pallava affinity, the *chaitya* window, of course, deriving its ultimate origin from far earlier Buddhist cave-temple

granite blocks quarried near by. Silver capsules, each containing a ruby and a sapphire, brought to light in the foundations also suggested that the temple had been one of special sanctity; and the reason for that special sanctity was perhaps indicated by the finding of stone caskets, each



7. VALUABLE EVIDENCE ON THE ANCIENT CHRONOLOGY OF KEDAH: ARABIC COINS FOUND IN THE FOUNDATIONS OF A PILLARED HALL, ONE BEARING A DATE EQUIVALENT TO 848 A.D.

These coins are a half and a quarter Abbasid dirhams; the former being dated quite legibly 234 A.H. (i.e., 848 A.D.), having thus been issued in the reign of the Caliph al-Mutawakil (847-861 A.D.).



9. THE EARLIEST EVIDENCE OF THE SPREAD OF MAHĀYĀNA BUDDHISM IN THE MALAYAN REGION YET DISCOVERED: A CLAY TABLET INSCRIBED IN SANSKRIT WITH THREE STANZAS OF A MAHĀYĀNA TEXT, AND NOT LATER THAN THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE SIXTH CENTURY; BROUGHT TO LIGHT NEAR THE MERBOK ESTUARY IN KEDAH. (Length, 5 in.)

and Indian literary evidence, as well as of certain finds that had from time to time been made, prevented us from sharing this view. We felt that it was impossible that a country lying along the Straits of Malacca—the main sea route of all times between China and the West—should not preserve traces which the probe of modern archaeology might cause to reveal their story.

Of the total period of field work in Malaya about half was allocated to Kedah, during which time some thirty ancient sites were excavated, ranging in date from the fourth to about the thirteenth century A.D. Ancient Kedah, in addition to possessing fertile lowlands suitable for grain cultivation, was attractive to Indian colonists and traders alike by reason of the excellent harbour which the Merbok estuary offered them, once they had successfully braved the dangers attendant on the crossing of the Bay of Bengal. Wave after wave of Indians thus left their impress on the city which grew up at this gateway to Greater India and remained remarkably Indian long after local evolution had produced changes in India's more remote colonies.

The earliest remains are scattered and do not suggest the existence of any very large settlement in Kedah before the sixth century A.D. The oldest site found was situated on an isolated hill on the Sala River, some twenty miles north of Kedah Peak. The excavation of a mound on the summit of this little hill brought to light the massive laterite basement of a *stupa* and a small stone inscribed with the Buddhist formula, *Ye dharma*, etc., in South Indian characters of a period not later than the second half of the fourth century A.D. South of Kedah Peak a small stream named the Bujang (probably derived from the Sanskrit *bhujanga*, a serpent) flows into the Merbok estuary. The excavation of another laterite *stupa*-base situated on the left bank of this small stream produced a rectangular tablet of sun-dried clay inscribed in Sanskrit with three stanzas of a Mahāyāna text which was previously only known in Chinese translation (Fig. 9). On palaeographical grounds this text has been ascribed to a time not later than the first quarter of the sixth century A.D., and its

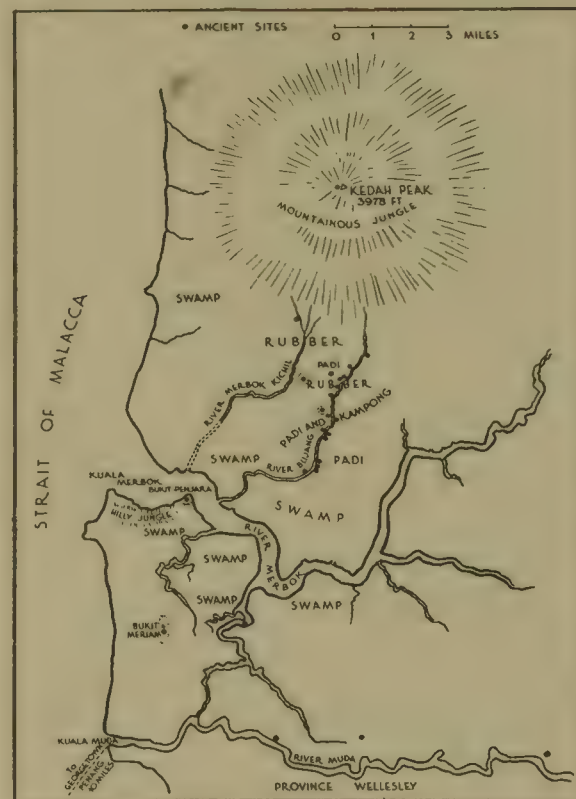
particularly in connection with domestic worship. The simple and distinctive form of this roof clearly indicates Pallava affinity, the *chaitya* window, of course, deriving its ultimate origin from far earlier Buddhist cave-temple



10. A NINE-CHAMBERED STONE CASKET, PROBABLY INTENDED TO CONTAIN THE RELICS OF AN EIGHTH-CENTURY KEDAH KING: AN OBJECT WHICH, THOUGH UNDOUBTEDLY OF INDIAN ORIGIN, FINDS ITS PROTOTYPE IN JAVA.

prototypes. The "flower-pot" still preserved on many of the Mahabalipuram *rathas* is here seen in its simplest form, while the cross-legged personages seated at the four corners suggest Shaivite asceticism.

Set apart from the main city on a low spur of the Kedah Peak massif were the remains of a small, exquisite Shiva temple, unlike the others, constructed with carefully shaped



8. A PART OF MALAYA WHICH HAS YIELDED MOST VALUABLE DATA ON THE HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT HINDU COLONISATION OF THE PENINSULA: PART OF THE STATE OF KEDAH, ROUND THE MERBOK ESTUARY.

containing nine compartments (Fig. 10). Though undoubtedly of Indian origin, such caskets appear to be unknown in India, and we have to look to Java for an explanation. There the central compartment of the casket has been found to contain part of the ashes of a dead king, the other compartments being filled with gems and gold objects. The casket was then buried in the temple beneath the image of the deity with which the king had been posthumously identified.

The ruined state of most of the Kedah temples rendered it possible to excavate the foundations more thoroughly than is safe where large buildings remain standing, and this sometimes resulted in the recovery of the foundation deposits, which usually yield important historical information. In one case inscribed gold and silver discs were found simply scattered at random beneath the foundations; but more usually such deposits were contained in earthenware jars, placed beneath floor-level. Fig. 15 shows two such jars *in situ* below the floor-level of a ruined brick *vimana*. Sometimes the deposits yielded more definite dating material. On excavating the foundations of a pillared hall—an evidently later and very different type of structure from the Pallava Shiva shrines—we found earthenware jars which produced an inscription on silver in South Indian characters of approximately the ninth century A.D., and two Arab coins (Fig. 7). These were a half and quarter dirhem respectively, both of about the same period, the former bearing quite legibly the date 234 A.H., i.e., 848 A.D. It was thus issued in the reign of the Abbasid Caliph al-Mutawakil (847-861 A.D.).

Fig. 13 exemplifies one of these later pillared halls, dating from the ninth or tenth century, though they differ among themselves considerably in detail, no doubt according to their exact date and the purpose for which they were used. Probably most of them were Buddhist (Mahāyāna) temples, for this was the religion favoured by the Shailendra Empire, of which, by this period, the state of Lankasuka had become a dependency. Immediately to the right of the inner doorway of the structure illustrated in Fig. 13 were discovered traces of a brick-lined chamber in the laterite plinth, which had evidently been despoiled by treasure-seekers, for it was found broken and empty. By great good fortune, however, on examining the corresponding position in the plinth of a similarly constructed, though generally less well-preserved, temple, we found the brick-lined chamber intact. Standing in the cavity, exactly as it had been placed there a thousand years ago, was a bronze casket (Fig. 3) which, when opened, was found to contain foundation deposits of unique interest (Figs. 1 and 2).

A noteworthy point is that the shape of the miniature weapons in this group strongly recalls those depicted on [Continued on page 1186.]

MALAYAN ARCHAEOLOGY YIELDS VALUABLE RESULTS AT THE START: 7TH-10TH-CENTURY TEMPLES; A 7TH-CENTURY ARCHITECTURAL LINK WITH S. INDIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY H. G. QUARITCH WALES.



A REMARKABLE LINK
BETWEEN THE
ARCHITECTURE OF THE
ANCIENT HINDU
COLONISTS OF MALAYA
AND SEVENTH-CENTURY
MADRAS: (FIG. 11; LEFT)
A REPLICA OF A TEMPLE
HEWN FROM ROCK AT
MAHABALIPURAM; THE
WAGGON ROOF AND
DECORATIONS OF WHICH
CORRESPOND CLOSELY
WITH THE TOP OF THE
MINIATURE BRONZE
SHRINE (FIG. 12; RIGHT)
FOUND IN KEDAH.
(c. SEVENTH CENTURY.)



13. REMAINS OF THE ARCHITECTURE OF A LATER PERIOD AT KEDAH, WHEN THE STATE OF LANKASUKA HAD BECOME A DEPENDENCY OF THE SHAILENDRA EMPIRE: THE LATERITE BASEMENT STRUCTURE OF A PILLARED HALL OF THE NINTH OR TENTH CENTURIES—PROBABLY A MAHĀYĀNA TEMPLE.



14. ON THE SITE OF THE HINDU CITY OF LANKASUKA, WHICH FLOURISHED IN KEDAH IN THE SEVENTH AND EIGHTH CENTURIES: THE REMAINS OF THE MAIN SANCTUARY OF ONE OF MANY SHIVA TEMPLES.



15. FOUNDATION DEPOSITS IN A TEMPLE—A RICH SOURCE OF ARCHÆOLOGICAL EVIDENCE ABOUT ANCIENT KEDAH: AN EXCAVATED SHRINE (c. SEVENTH CENTURY) SHOWING THE JARS CONTAINING THE DEPOSITS IN SITU BELOW THE FLOOR-LEVEL.

In spite of many limitations (most of the stone and bronze images had been smashed by Mohammedan iconoclasts), the excavations of Kedah have provided a mass of information about the ancient history of Malaya. Another limitation arises from the fact that the temples themselves were largely built of perishable materials. Fortunately there have survived in South India *rathas*—that is, replicas of ancient temples hewn from stone, dating from the seventh century.

One of these, Sahadeva's Ratha, illustrated on this page, has a waggon roof which bears a striking likeness to the roof of a miniature bronze shrine that was found in the bed of the River Bujang near one of the Shiva temples. The simple and distinctive form of the roof clearly indicates Pallava affinity. The Pallava Dynasty lasted for ten centuries, art flourishing under it in Southern India after 600 A.D. The dynasty was brought to an end by the Chola monarch, Rajaraja the Great.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE WESTERN—NEW STYLE.

THE Westerns have been with us so long that the *avant garde* filmgoer is rather inclined to dismiss them as entertainment for the masses. Films of action, breezy, galloping pictures, they were the staple dish on the menus of the silent era. The drama of the great open spaces provided the simple outline and forthright emotions the studios needed, and the public demanded when the kinema was very young, developing gradually, as the technique of the industry progressed, into the big pioneer "epics" of which "Covered Waggon" was a shining example. The Western has been with us ever since those early days, sticking more or less to the formula established in the old days. It has its own stars whose names are "box-office value" up and down the country, where its popularity has never waned. Only occasionally, however, has the Western come into its own in London's inner circle during recent years, so that the almost simultaneous arrival on our West End screens of three major productions, whose ingredients are essentially those of the Western school, is in itself a remarkable event. Hard on the heels of Mr. Cecil B. de Mille's "Union Pacific" comes "Jesse James," the story of America's first train-robber and "Stagecoach," a tale of the Overland Route across the arid grey plains of Arizona.

I have said that the Western still sticks to its old formula, and that is true in the main. The Indian menace, the bad men, the saloons in which they congregate and scatter to the tune of quick gunfire, the thud of hoofs and tremendous *tempo* of scenes of pursuit and escape remain. But a subtle change has come over the approach to the subject matter, a change resulting from the careful characterisation of the story's protagonists. No longer, to judge by "Jesse James" and "Stagecoach," is the interest solely focussed on the perils of the Wild West and the prowess of its heroes. The men—and women, too—confronted by such perils are

push on, for various good or urgent reasons. A girl of the saloons and a drunken doctor, because they have been turned out of the town. An officer's wife because she wants to rejoin her husband before her baby is born. A gentleman card-sharper because all his chivalrous instincts have been aroused by the sight of the officer's lady travelling in rough company. A meek little whisky agent, mainly because the cheery, inebriated doctor commandeers his sample bag. To them are added an absconding banker and a cowboy who has broken gaol to settle a private feud. Their military escort turns back at the first station. No other is

of a thrilling, yet wholly credible, adventure, during which every person involved has been sharply etched on our memories. There are no big star names in the cast, yet every performance is perfect. Mr. Thomas Mitchell, as the doctor; Miss Claire Trevor, as the saloon girl; Mr. John Wayne, well equipped by long experience for the part of the cowboy; Mr. John Carradine, discreetly suggesting a growing devotion to the lady who represents his lost caste; and the rest of an admirably chosen company work smoothly together in a picture which, by reason of its harmony of sound, photography, direction and interpretation, raises the Western to a new level.

Mr. Darryl F. Zanuck's "Jesse James" (presented at the Gaumont, Haymarket) has not the sustained suspense of "Stagecoach," nor does it reach the same pitch of excitement. Necessarily more episodic in nature and perhaps a trifle on the long side, it is occasionally conscious of its rich opportunities for Technicolor treatment in a story set amongst the timbered mountains and blue waters of the West. I, for one, do not quarrel with that, for colour definitely enhances the pictorial beauty of the film's vast canvases. There is one scene in which the outlaw, scrambling along the coach-roofs of the speeding train, is darkly silhouetted against an evening sky above the line of whirling tree-tops, that is superbly done. The strength of the picture, however, lies in its handling of the central figure, and herein it conforms to the new style of the Western. Jesse and Frank James were driven into outlawry by the seizure of their farmlands and the death of their mother when certain ruthless agents of the railroad resorted to any means, trickery or violence, to clear a path for the St. Louis Midland trains. The story has been soberly told, nor has Jesse's character been unduly whitewashed. He emerges as a romantic figure—but not a Robin Hood. He does not rob the rich to give to the poor. He is an avenger, obsessed with one idea—to make the railroad and all concerned with it pay for the great wrongs done to him.



"STAGECOACH," AT THE ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE: A SCENE FILMED IN THE MONUMENT VALLEY, ARIZONA, SHOWING THE COACH ON ITS WAY TO THE DRY FORK STATION WITH AN ESCORT OF U.S. CAVALRY.



"JESSE JAMES," AT THE GAUMONT, HAYMARKET: FRANK JAMES (HENRY FONDA) AND JESSE JAMES (TYRONE POWER), WHO BECAME THE FIRST TRAIN-ROBBERS IN HISTORY, WITH ZERELDA (NANCY KELLY), WHOM JESSE MARRIES.

"Jesse James" is the film version of the story of America's most notorious bandit. The film is reviewed on this page.

character seen in the round; they reveal their motives; they respond to the influence of their surroundings and their occupations. They are, in short, human beings who arrest our attention apart from the deeds they do.

This new angle—if I may call it so—is particularly apparent in "Stagecoach," a Walter Wanger production presented at the Odeon. A variant of the "omnibus story," the picture is built up on foundations that might, with less intelligent treatment, have served for just another Western. Under the brilliant direction of Mr. John Ford, and written by Mr. Dudley Nichols, the drama has the quality of a personal experience. It is a thrilling journey in which we all participate, feeling, when at last the goal is reached, that we have come to know each fellow-traveller intimately, drawn together as we have been by the dangers we have shared. For share them we do, so vividly has Mr. Ford and his fine company depicted them.

The coach sets off from a small town in Arizona called Tonto, with five passengers on board and a United States marshal riding next to the driver as a guard, for news has come that the Apache Indians are on the war-path. The passengers, all strangers to one another, are determined to

forthcoming: the troops have been ordered out on the track of the Indians. So the coach trundles on undefended. Over the parched wastes it goes, where solitary crags raise their bastions and the dust whirls up in clouds. Jolting behind the six straining horses the coach-load of cramped and battered humanity suffers, quarrels, discovers bonds of sympathy. The Indian menace grows. A burnt-out station, a bridge destroyed, a river across whose turbulent current the coach has to be floated, a longer check when the baby is born and the doctor pulls himself together heroically to prove his old skill. Suddenly an arrow whistles through the window—the Indians! The race starts. The Indians close in. The pace becomes frantic. In the nick of time a troop of cavalry gallops up. We heave a sigh of relief. The old situation, but never before has it reached such a measure of suspense or seemed to concern us so vitally.

The young gaol-breaker has still to wipe out his blood-debt, and the threads of romance to be tied up. These matters are dramatically and neatly attended to at the end



"STAGECOACH": THE PASSENGERS REST AT THE DRY FORK STATION, WHERE THE STATION-MASTER, BILLY PICKETT (FRANCIS FORD), IMPARTS THE UNPLEASANT NEWS THAT THEIR CAVALRY ESCORT MUST RETURN TO TONTO, OWING TO THE ACTIVITY OF APACHES.

In the scene from "Stagecoach" reproduced above are shown: (From l. to r.) Peacock (Donald Meek), a whisky traveller; the Ringo Kid (John Wayne), an outlaw; Dallas (Claire Trevor), a lady of the town; Buck (Andy Devine), the coach-driver; Curly Wilcox (George Bancroft), a U.S. Marshal; Lucy Mallory (Louise Platt), a married woman on her way to join her husband at his frontier post; Lieut. Blanchard (Tim Holt), commanding the cavalry escort; Hatfield (John Carradine), a gambler; Gatewood (Berton Churchill), an absconding banker; Billy Pickett (Francis Ford), the station-master at Dry Fork; and Doc. Boone (Thomas Mitchell), a doctor too fond of his drink. The film is reviewed on this page.

He is twice betrayed, and the second betrayal leads to his death at the hand of one of his own gang. The first, when he surrenders, persuaded by his sweetheart and the promise of lenient treatment, sends him back into the hills more embittered, more consumed with hatred of law and order than before. With a price on his head, hunted, yet seemingly invulnerable, his obsession grows, and with it his sense of power, until it drives him to the brink of mania. The gradual change in the man's nature, which parts him from wife and child, has been carefully developed. It is the strong thread running through a fabric into which the alarms and excursions of the Western are woven. It gives Mr. Tyronne Power and Mr. Henry Fonda, as his brother and restraining influence, the chance to combine rousing exploits of the train bandits with the human side of their emotions and their lives. Mr. Power, I think, has never done anything better than this unexaggerated study of an outlaw.



Our "Prefect" *makes top score*

"MY bat needs oiling, my boots are a bit tight, and I'll have to borrow pads and gloves. Otherwise," I said, "I seem to be quite ready."

"The car's ready, anyway," said Betty. "There are about two gallons in the tank. Will that be enough?"

"Thirty-five miles each way. Two gallons will be plenty. We're taking Tom and his young brother down."

Betty's eyes twinkled.

"Funny how your cricketing days have begun again now we have a 'Prefect'!"

I laughed. Of late I had taken a back seat in our cricket club. When the Secretary heard that we had invested in a "Prefect," however, invitations to play began to pour in. Transportation is a problem to a Secretary!

* * *

With Tom and his brother stretching their long legs in the back, with three

bulging cricket bags stowed neatly in the large luggage compartment, we were soon passing milestones one-a-minute on the Bath Road. "This 'Prefect' is an astonishing car," said Tom. "It performs like a 'twelve' or a 'fourteen.' And few medium-sized cars have as much leg-room. Holds the road at speed, too, like a sports model."

Betty and I smiled. We are proud of our "Prefect." We have to count every penny these days and our choice was made with a careful eye to value—value in performance and appearance. We certainly chose wisely when we bought this Ford.

At eleven-thirty we were sunning ourselves on deck chairs, while Tom and his brother made a first wicket stand. It was after lunch before I had to search round for pads and gloves. At a quarter past three I waved to Betty and started my long walk to the wicket. And at seventeen minutes past I was walking back again, admonitions echoing from a distant past *never* to play back to a half-volley!

Three hours' fielding in the heat made me cast wistful eyes at our "Prefect"

waiting in the shade and, by the time stumps were drawn, my boots were beginning to pinch.

Betty looked up from her knitting as we came in.

"Finished already? Who won?"



"A draw, my sweet. It usually is."

* * *

"Pity about that half-volley," added the Captain when we said goodbye. "You'll play next week, won't you?"

"If you don't need a strong eleventh man," I laughed.

He chuckled. "What are a few runs here and there. . . . By the way, that's an awfully nice car you've got. I wonder if you could give Tom and his brother a lift again!"

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THE Emperor Yung-Chêng ascended the throne of his ancestors in 1723. He died in 1735, and was buried in the Mausoleum of Exalted Benevolence. During the Boxer Rebellion in 1900 a scroll was taken from this Mausoleum by a British officer, and is now on view at the galleries of Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd. It is a remarkable piece of work, forty-nine feet long, and dated 1729, and is in effect part of the illustrated catalogue of the Emperor's personal collection of bronzes, jades, porcelain and hard-stone carvings. A similar scroll is already in the national collection at South Kensington, and as the one noticed here is entitled Volume 6, there were originally at least four others.

It will be difficult to deduce from this bald statement the strange fascination of this document. The thing is not a work of art in the way that a landscape scroll is a work of art; it is an accurate work of *craft*, with each of the two or three hundred objects shown depicted with meticulous fidelity, in nearly every case natural size, and by a man who had a photographic eye for both form and colour. There is no attempt to make a pretty picture, or a sort of connected narrative of the collection: bronzes, jades and other pieces appear haphazard. The scroll is admirably displayed round a room over which presides as fine a *blanc de chine* Kwan-Yin (Goddess of Mercy) as one has any right to see in every decade or so, and if what is written here is insufficient to send the curious to inspect it, there is this additional reason: it is on view until July 8, and the entrance fee of 2s. 6d. is given to the Maternity Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital, of which Kwan-Yin is a gracious symbol. Those familiar with Chinese mythology will perhaps forgive me if I emphasise the benign presence of the statue of the goddess on such an occasion; possibly not every visitor will realise that Kwan-Yin has received the prayers of countless generations of women in child-birth.

But to return to the scroll and its odd charm. I have called it a catalogue, and so it is. But if you or I were making a catalogue we should (having lucid, tidy and Western minds) put all the bronzes together in proper order, then the jades, then the porcelain, and so on and so forth; it would hardly occur to us to mix them up, which is just what the compiler of Yung-Chêng's catalogue has done, and it seems to me that the reason is inherent in the nature of a long scroll, whether that scroll is a sensitive painting of a landscape (do you remember the marvellously exciting "1000 miles of the Yellow River" at the Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House?) or

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A CHINESE EMPEROR'S CATALOGUE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

in a more pedestrian record such as this. We, of course, see the whole thing laid out in its total length—that is the only way in which it can be shown to dozens of people at once. But your Chinese connoisseur didn't look at any scroll in that way: he took the roll, laid it on a table, and slowly unrolled it, and rolled up as he went along, never having more than two or three feet open before him at a time.

It was a sort of cinematograph method, one part of the picture before him blending into the next. That was his way with twenty feet or so of long, narrow landscape painting, and that was how the Emperor would enjoy this record of his collection, delicately gloating over first a jade, then a little agate carving, then an ancient bronze, then a set of blue and white bowls: he didn't want a scientific arrangement—he wanted variety and contrast and the pleasure of the unexpected.

So much for the thing as a whole: now for a few details, some of which are illustrated herewith. Incidentally, every item appears to be of the highest quality; if you were Emperor of China you naturally made sure of that. Some of the stands are of particular interest. We are accustomed to little carved stands on which the piece rests without other support: here are beautifully fashioned stands made to surround the piece an inch or so above the foot, leaving the lower part visible—see the vase of Ko ware (Sung Dynasty), top right, Fig. 1, and the beautiful stem-cup second from left, lower row, in Fig. 2. Notice this last carefully—the foot of the cup is visible, but the upper part of the stand is less in circumference than the foot of the cup. The cup, therefore could not have been placed in the stand: *ergo*, the stand must have been built round the cup—that is, made in two sections subsequently joined together. Another small point. We usually think in dozens—people have a set of bowls and try to find twelve of them. Not so the makers of the bowls: it is evident from the lovely blue and white Chia-Ching bowls (1522-1566 A.D.)—lower right of Fig. 1—that ten, not twelve, constituted a set. There are several minor points like this, a little finicky, if you like, but of real interest as soon as one tries to discover what Chinese collectors themselves thought about their treasures. Another (there is no room for illustration) is seen in a further section of the scroll. We are all familiar with the stands from which hang two or more resonant jades: the Emperor had one in which a splendid bronze ring of the earliest period (Shang-Yin Dynasty—that is, 2nd millennium B.C.) hangs down in place of a jade.

This is an uncannily accurate record, even as regards size. Some time ago the firm had a pair of bronzes which an inscription proved to belong to the year 329 B.C.—the period known to historians as that of the Warring States. These bronzes were 19 in. high. Two bronzes of exactly the same type, but with minor modifications of decoration, appear on the scroll; they also are 19 in. high. Monochrome photographs provide an inadequate notion of this entertaining and instructive document; I would urge the legions of lovers of Chinese art to go and see it, if only out of curiosity—one of their own pieces *might* be identical with one of those owned by Yung-Chêng. In any case, an offering of half a crown to Kwan-Yin should result in the acquisition of merit.



1. A SECTION OF A SCROLL, 49 FT. LONG AND DATED 1729, WHICH IS IN EFFECT PART OF THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE EMPEROR YUNG-CHÊNG'S COLLECTION OF BRONZES, JADES, PORCELAIN, AND HARD-STONE CARVINGS: A WORK IN WHICH SOME TWO OR THREE HUNDRED OBJECTS ARE DEPICTED, IN NEARLY EVERY CASE NATURAL SIZE.

The section reproduced above shows (from l. to r.; top row): Han Dynasty bronze; incense burner; two small bowls (reign of Chia-Ching); Ko ware vase (Sung Dynasty); (bottom row): jade axe-head (Ming Dynasty); Stem-cup with Sanskrit inscription (reign of Wan-li); set of ten blue and white bowls (reign of Chia-Ching).



2. A REMARKABLE PIECE OF WORK TAKEN BY A BRITISH OFFICER DURING THE BOXER REBELLION FROM THE MAUSOLEUM IN WHICH THE EMPEROR YUNG-CHÊNG WAS BURIED: A SCROLL SIMILAR TO ONE ALREADY IN THE NATIONAL COLLECTION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

The section reproduced above shows (from l. to r.; top row): red coral bat (reign of K'ang Hsi); Han Dynasty bronze; white jade water-dropper (reign of K'ang Hsi); Ko ware (Sung Dynasty); (middle row): white jade girdle pendant; red and white agate brush-rest; pale grey and brown jade unicorn (Ming Dynasty); (bottom row): white jade ritual disc, the symbol of heaven; stem-cup with pierced stand (reign of Hsuan-Tê); white jade vase carved with carp and waves, pierced stand; ———.

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This England . . .



Holme, within the boundary of Westmorland—looking north

SPEAK of "the Conquest" and your hearer's mind flies back eight hundred years and more; for since that time no stranger has set foot here, save as a guest. Good fortune or vigilance? Truckling in meekness or showing such resolution—e'en in our weakest days—that none would dare? Throughout the Seven Seas to-day you find the answer writ. And these eight centuries have made of us a quiet folk, slow to wrath, not forced by foreign laws to change our ways, but free to sift the best and keep thereto. So do you have in common use to-day a beer first brewed that way in Tudor times—and being found the best, survived in peace. (They've called it Worthington these last two hundred years.)



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

THE Traffic Section of the Leicester and County Chamber of Commerce, in collaboration with the British Road Federation, is holding an exhibition on Road Safety and the need for road improvement, at 50-52, Belvoir Street, Leicester, from July 10 to July 15, inclusive. The exhibition will be officially opened by Lord Howe, the chairman of the British Road Federation, who will also speak on "Road Conditions and Public Safety" at an inaugural luncheon following the opening ceremony. A great measure of support has been offered by other national organisations, as well as by civil, social and industrial interests in Leicester and the county. The central feature of the exhibition will be the British Road Federation's large working model of a modern road system, and admission will be free of charge.

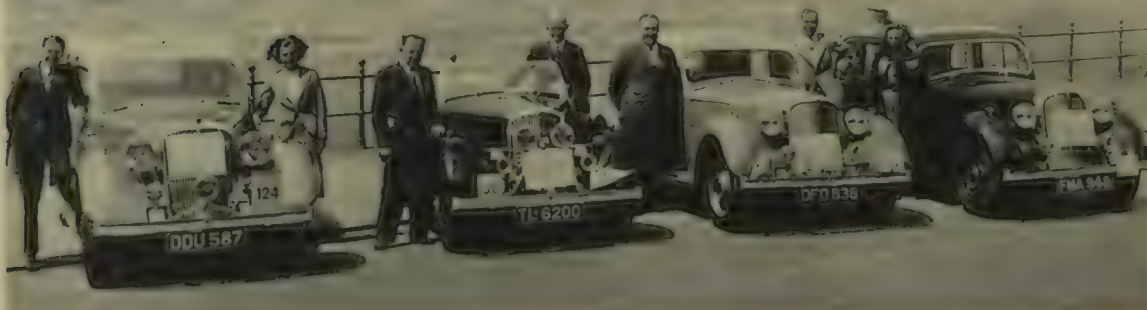
Our British motor manufacturers are great supporters of hospitals. Every year the Standard Motor Co., Ltd., presents to the Warwickshire Hospital a Standard car to be offered for competition as a first

prize in a carnival, in aid of this hospital's funds. This year a Standard "Flying" 8-h.p. car—the 40,000th produced off the maker's assembly lines during the nine months of the present motor season—has been given to the chairman of the Coventry Hospital Carnival Committee for this purpose.

Holiday-making motorists should polish up their cars and enter for Ramsgate's *Concours d'Élégance* on July 8, an annual affair which gives a lot of pleasure at small cost. There are five classes—£200, £350, £600, £1000, and cars costing over £1000—with separate divisions for open cars, drop-head coupés, two-door closed cars, and four-door closed cars. There are also special awards for the smartest car driven by a lady, one for Kent residents, three awards for Thanet residents, and the best car of the Rally. Entries cost 7s. 6d. per class, but full details are given by the Ramsgate Chamber of Commerce at their offices, Harbour Parade, Ramsgate.

In case motorists did not see the advice given to them by the R.A.C. in regard to Air Raid Precautions and their car's insurance, I am requested to give the advice obtained by the club as to the validity of private

car and motor-cycle insurance policies when the policy-holder uses the insured vehicle in connection with A.R.P. training. Confirmation has been received that, so far as the tariff companies are concerned, it has been agreed that where social, domestic and pleasure use is allowed under the policy, use by the insured in connection with Air Raid Precautions training may be regarded as "social, domestic and pleasure use," and the public authority concerned may be indemnified without additional premium. The insured must, however, give notice to the company issuing the policy of his intention so to use the car or motor-cycle, and the name of the public authority must also be given so that the requisite endorsement may be added to the policy.



WHEN ROVER CARS GAINED FOUR FIRST PRIZES AND A PREMIER AWARD: THE SUCCESSFUL CARS ON THE SEA-FRONT AT BLACKPOOL AFTER THE JUNE RALLY.

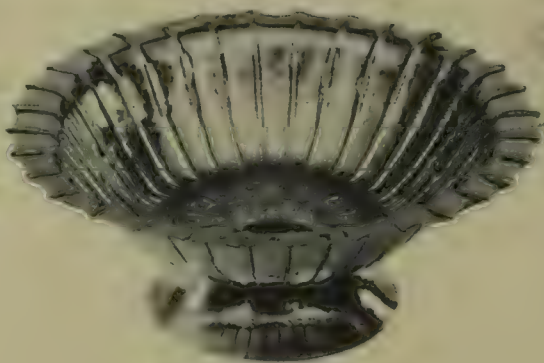
Rover cars again gave evidence of the outstanding quality of their coachwork in the Blackpool Rally held on June 9-10, adding no fewer than five more prizes, including a Premier Award, to their already long list of Rally and Concours successes. In the list of placings for two-door closed cars, Miss G. Taverner (seen here on the left) was first with a Rover 10-h.p. coupé, and she was also successful in the Premier Awards. The other prize-winners are (l. to r.): Mr. W. P. Maidens, Mr. R. Hughes and Mr. C. G. Dunham.



A BRITISH CAR FOR THE VATICAN: THE LANCHESTER "ROADRIDER DE LUXE" SUPPLIED TO MONSIGNOR CARUSI.

A feature of this car worth noting is the changed appearance given by the chromium grille on each side of the bonnet, which is provided on all Lanchester models for export. The car was recently supplied to Monsignor Carusi in Rome.

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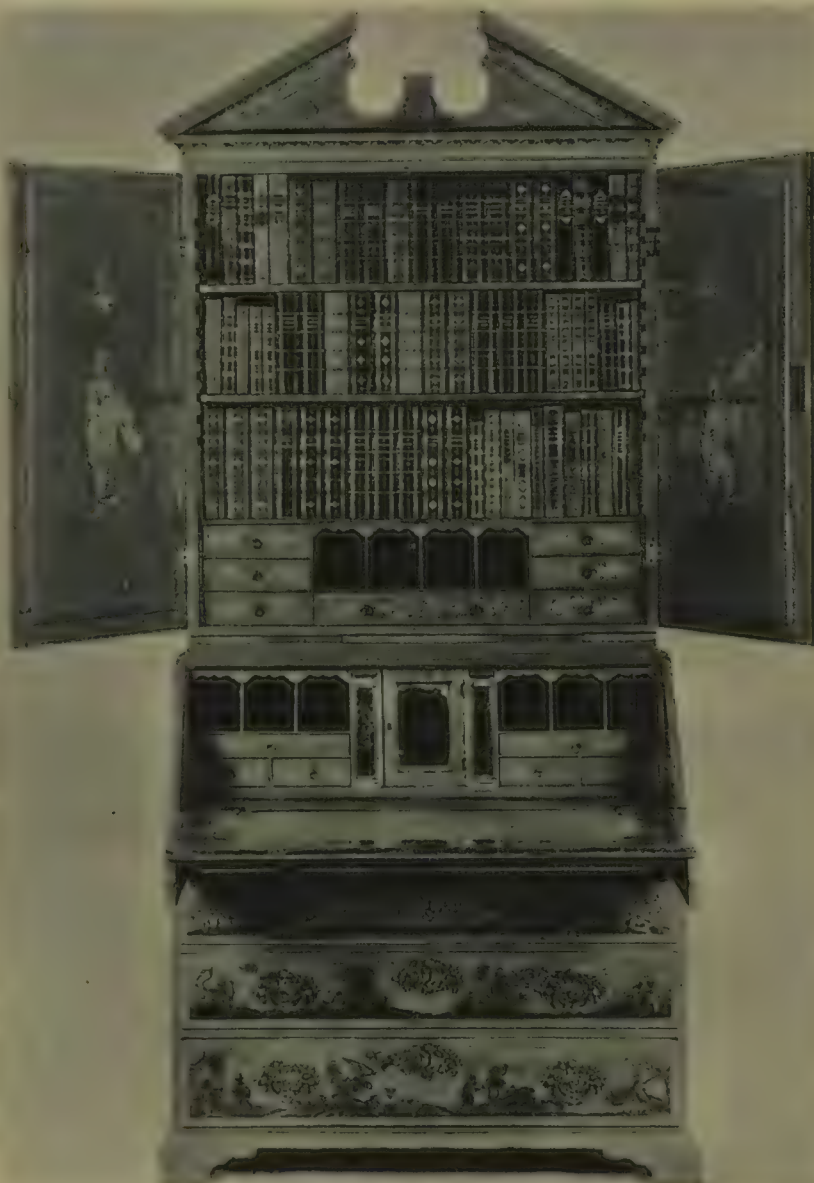
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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

I DON'T want to say too much for Mr. Niven's book, though I enjoyed it very much indeed. It is not a powerful story; it is a water-colour, on a scale that some may think too large for the medium. Its pleasant tone is not quite free from sentimentality. Its "good" characters are likeable to the verge of dimness, and their love-affairs, especially the heroine's, might be called anæmic. Also, more than half its charm depends on the Scottish background and the author's delicate touch with Scots character and ways of speech. When he has to cross the Border there is an immediate falling-off in beauty and interest. Allowing for all that, "The Story of Their Days" is very attractive and surprisingly reassuring—surprisingly, because comfort is the last thing one would expect from such a tale of family disaster and thwarted lives.

In 1896 the Maitlands are a united and happy family. There may be one or two small flies in the ointment. Walter now and then indulges in a broad joke or an extra glass, and his pious wife is just a little of a wet blanket; though not exactly one of the unco' guid, she tends to find her husband and children and human nature in general "disappointing." One would expect Fraser, the convivial eldest, to grieve her most—but, no, she has, unwittingly, a special standard for Fraser. Her husband thinks this unfair, but the two younger children don't resent it; the three are very good friends. John is on the staff of the *Shire Farmer*, and Ann, the little girl, has a

talent for painting. All in all, there is not a brighter household in Pennylands. And then Fraser gets a girl "into trouble." When his parents find out, he vanishes without a word and no more is heard of him.

Fraser's disappearance is hard to swallow; it strikes one as not merely callous and irresponsible, but so foolish and almost completely unprovoked—for Mr. Maitland has behaved very well. But, Fraser gone, the rest is inevitable. The mother, to excuse her darling child, puts the blame on Walter; he must have spoken too harshly and Fraser—such a sensitive boy—must have felt he "just had to go." She spreads a constant gloom through the house and Walter can't stand it; her moping and implied reproaches drive him to drink. Ann's career is broken off

short; she has to stay at home, first to comfort her mother, then to keep the peace, and finally to look after Claire, Fraser's child, whom the Maitlands have adopted. She has to give up her painting, to renounce marriage. True, her artist lover says he will wait; but, after years and years of waiting, he is killed in the war.

John's life goes astray for other reasons. He is a born onlooker; he feels at the time that it is perhaps a mistake to go to London; it is perhaps a mistake to marry Kate Selkirk; but human nature, rather than his own deepest nature, urges him to do both. Neither step proves lasting. At the end of the war he is back in his proper niche, living with Ann, and editing the *Shire Farmer*. Thirty-five years have passed; the old people are dead, Claire is grown up,

a rising painter, and about to be married; John and Ann are settled and contented, nearing old age. And suddenly the vanished Fraser comes home. He has spoilt his own life, as well as theirs, and it is too late for his return to make any difference. And it was all so unnecessary. Life, thinks Ann, might be so happy. . . . "Oh, well."

That is the keynote of the book—resignation tinged with sadness, yet not too sad. For Ann and John have much of their being in a world immune from failure. Whatever happens there is the little town, the shire, the wind in the trees: there is the gift of vision, the pleasure of reading and of affection—yes, and the happiness of love, even though the lovers are kept apart. Time has a way of smoothing things out; even Mrs. Maitland, in her last days, was not unhappy. She and her husband, the truest figures in the book, are drawn without emphasis, with great subtlety and distinction. But it must be

(Continued overleaf.)



THE EXHIBITION OF ROYAL AND HISTORIC TREASURES AT THEIR MAJESTIES' FORMER HOME, 145, PICCADILLY: A BABY-CARRIAGE IN THE STYLE OF WILLIAM KENT (c. 1730).



A BABY-CARRIAGE OF 1783—MADE FOR THE USE OF LADY DOROTHY CAVENDISH, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE FIFTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, WHO MARRIED THE EARL OF CARLISLE IN 1801. (Copyright of the Duke of Devonshire.)

An Exhibition of Royal and Historic Treasures will be officially opened at 145, Piccadilly—the former home of the King and Queen when Duke and Duchess of York—on June 28. It is being held in aid of the Heritage Craft Schools for Cripple Children at Chailey, Sussex, an organisation that has always enjoyed the interest and support of the Queen, Queen Mary and other members of the Royal family. The exhibits range from a relic of John of Gaunt to the pen with which Sir Austen Chamberlain signed the Treaty of Locarno. Some of the pieces of furniture which were at 145, Piccadilly during their Majesties' residence will be seen again in their old places and the rooms will be named so that visitors will know which was the dining-room, the King's study, the Queen's boudoir and other royal apartments. Another photograph will be found overleaf.



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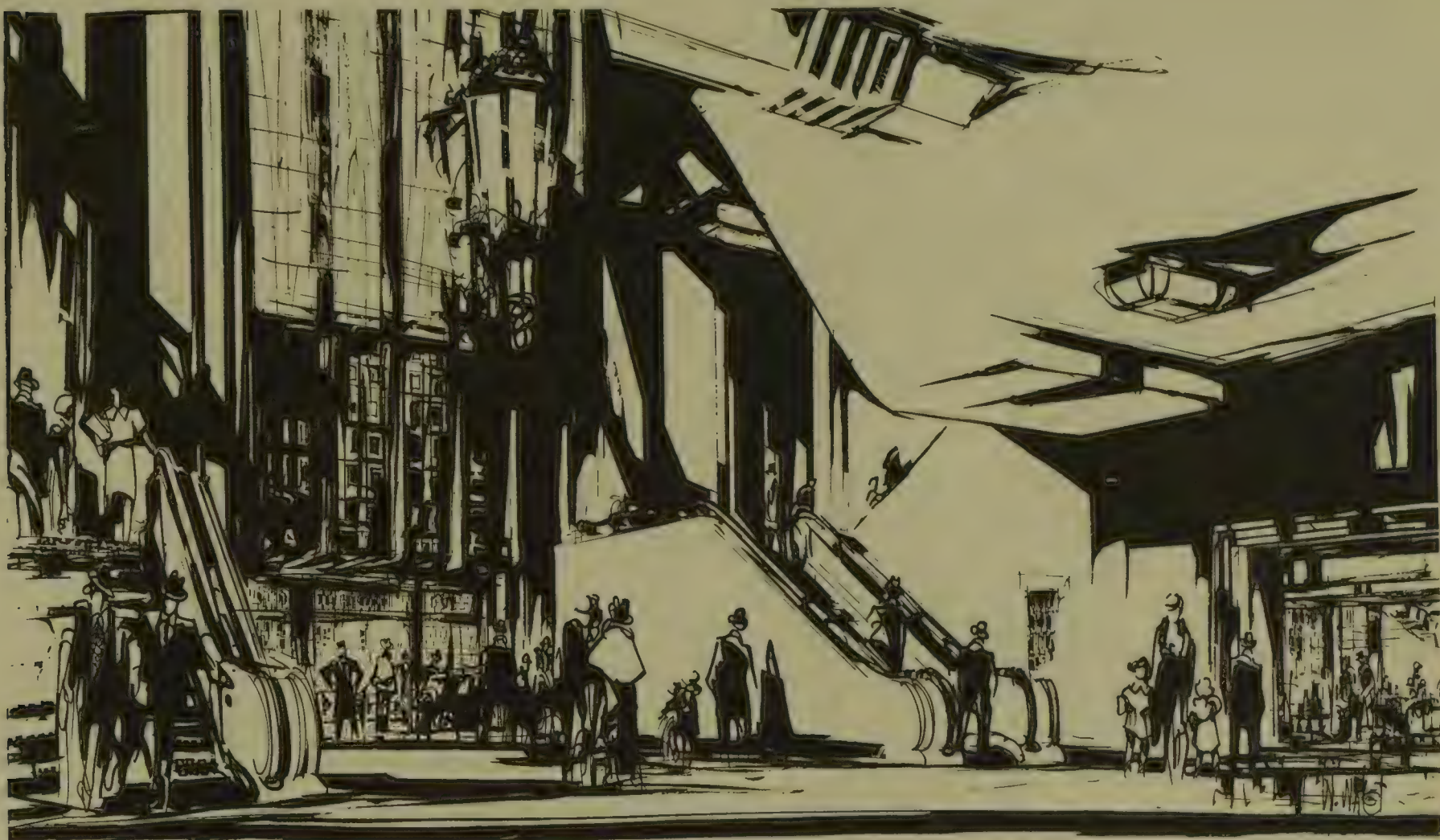
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owned that Mr. Niven has a trick of repeating himself; he gave us Walter Maitland's fit of "the rats," or something rather too like it, in an earlier novel.

What can one say of "A Family and a Fortune"? The author must long since have collected her band of votaries; they wouldn't miss anything she writes on any account, and it is no use recommending this special flavour to those who don't like it. Granted the limits of her art are painfully narrow; her very brilliance becomes monotonous, and her characters are not half so good as the things they say. But then, they are hardly characters—they are more like cells of an organism. With Miss Compton Burnett the group is really the individual; her persons have a function within the group, but no existence outside. Here it is, of course, her pet group, the family. Dudley Gaveston, Dudley's brother, Edgar, Edgar's wife and her children, exist only to create and, if possible, to relish the comedy of family life. Those who appreciate it most are the "good" characters; those who try to back out, like Clement, are mean and evil. The plot? A foreign element, in the shape of Maria Sloane, threatens to dissolve the group by removing Dudley. Edgar annexes her instead, after the death of his wife; the organism has, so to speak, a fit of violent indigestion, after which it absorbs the foreigner, and settles down into its old ways. Of the wit of the dialogue, of the author's fearful genius for exposure, I need not speak. Our women novelists are always being compared with Jane Austen; this is the only one who partly justifies the comparison.

"Mountain Flat" is a story of Australian "waybacks," scratching a living from the poor soil that was a gold-field in better days. There is only room for one decent farm, and what with death, intermarriage, and "walking off," things are fast coming to that. Only, whose farm is it to be? George Coburn has resolved that it shall be his; but land hunger is not the only passion in Mountain Flat, and just as he thinks himself secure a girl's folly on a moonlight night ruins everything. The setting gives this novel unusual interest, and the style is very good—terse and quiet.

"The Heroes," again, is an outstanding and modest book. A New England soldiers' home: we expect a war tragedy, but these men are the victims, not of war, but of unemployment. Though all have some disability, nearly all of them could work, if they could get work; it is the slump which has condemned them to second childhood. Mr. Brand reveals the awful monotony of their lives, their sense of segregation, of humiliation—and, through it all, their touching quietness and comradeship. His account is the more effective for being subdued.

"Passport for a Girl" is a tale of the Nazi peril; it begins with the *Anschluss* and ends with the September crisis—or, rather, it can have no ending, since the end is not yet. In the meantime we have witnessed the tragic love of an English girl for a non-Aryan refugee. No one could accuse this story of lacking grip, but I feel it works on the nerves rather than on the imagination, or whatever ought to respond to a work of art. There is a shocking glimpse of Vienna, and one excellent character, the girl's mother.

The hero of "Gangway Down," a dockland boy educated rather above his class, throws up a safe job in an office to go to sea. After sundry adventures in America and elsewhere, he falls in love with a genteel English girl, who reconverts him to safety; but at the crucial moment there is a strike in the docks, and he has to choose between his sweetheart and his old comrades.

After so many tales of revolution, crisis and unemployment, an old-fashioned story is a relief. "Look at the Clock"—found by Miss Naomi Jacob among her mother's papers—strikes a simple note most agreeably. Robert Kendal, a Yorkshire magnate of the 'sixties, and a worthy man on the whole, forces a loathsome husband on his daughter; thanks to her spirited sister and a young American, she escapes. Times have changed, is the motto; women are demanding their freedom. . . .

If you write eighteen novels in eleven years, you must expect to misfire occasionally, and I think Miss Goolden has done it in "Call the Tune." Her portrait of three sisters and their men is dull work. There is a great deal of conversation, much of it about the September crisis; everyone talks in clichés, and the "enlightened" sister and her bumptious, progressive mate are the worst of all. Mr. Branch Cabell offers his "comedy" of a cinquecento princeling as Jacobean. It isn't, of course; it is written in a medley of different styles, and varies in feeling from the ultra-sentimental to the agreeably callous. But "The King was in His Counting House" has lots of im-

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(Lent to the Exhibition of Royal and Historic
Treasures by H.M. the King.)

pudence and gusto, and if Mr. Cabell, in 1939, fails to shock, there is something pleasantly naïve in his idea that he is still shocking.

Lima and La Perricholi again! "Fray Mario" can't compete with "San Luis Rey"; and its stormy Spanish youth turned Franciscan, then self-degraded, then redeemed by a kiss, will reward no one hoping for an account of the search for God. But it is a nice little story within its limits. In "Suspects—Nine," Mr. Punshon has eschewed melodrama; he gives us an intricate problem and solves it neatly—though I could wish that Bobby Owen were not so prim. "She Had to Have Gas" is even more puzzling; only the first chapter is so dramatic that the sequel fails to live up to it.

K. J.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Story of Their Days. By Frederick Niven. (Collins; 8s. 6d.)
A Family and a Fortune. By I. Compton Burnett. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
Mountain Flat. By Leonard Mann. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
The Heroes. By Millen Brand. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)
Passport for a Girl. By Mary Borden. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
Gangway Down. By Dave Marlowe. (Harrap; 8s. 6d.)
Look at the Clock. By Nina Abbott. (Duckworth; 8s. 6d.)
Call the Tune. By Barbara Goolden. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
The King was in His Counting House. By Branch Cabell. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
Fray Mario. By Helen Douglas Irvine. (Longmans; 6s.)
Suspects—Nine. By E. R. Punshon. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
She Had to Have Gas. By Rupert Penny. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)



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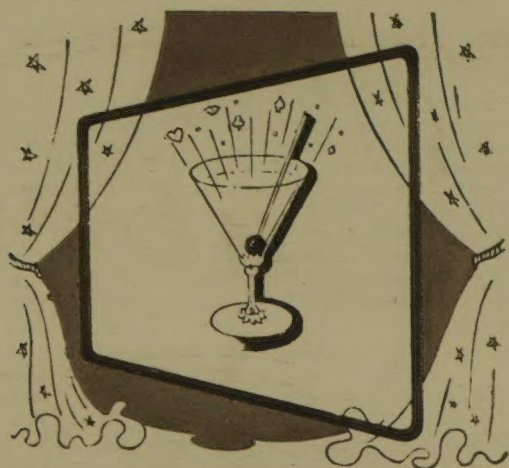
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But slacks do not suit everybody, so Dunlop have also designed the divided skirt on the right in worsted flannel. It is shower-proofed—a wise precaution if you are going to Scotland, and worn with a practical storm-cloth jacket, bloused at the waist.



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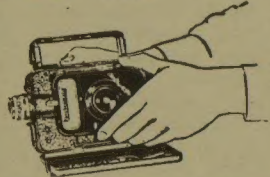
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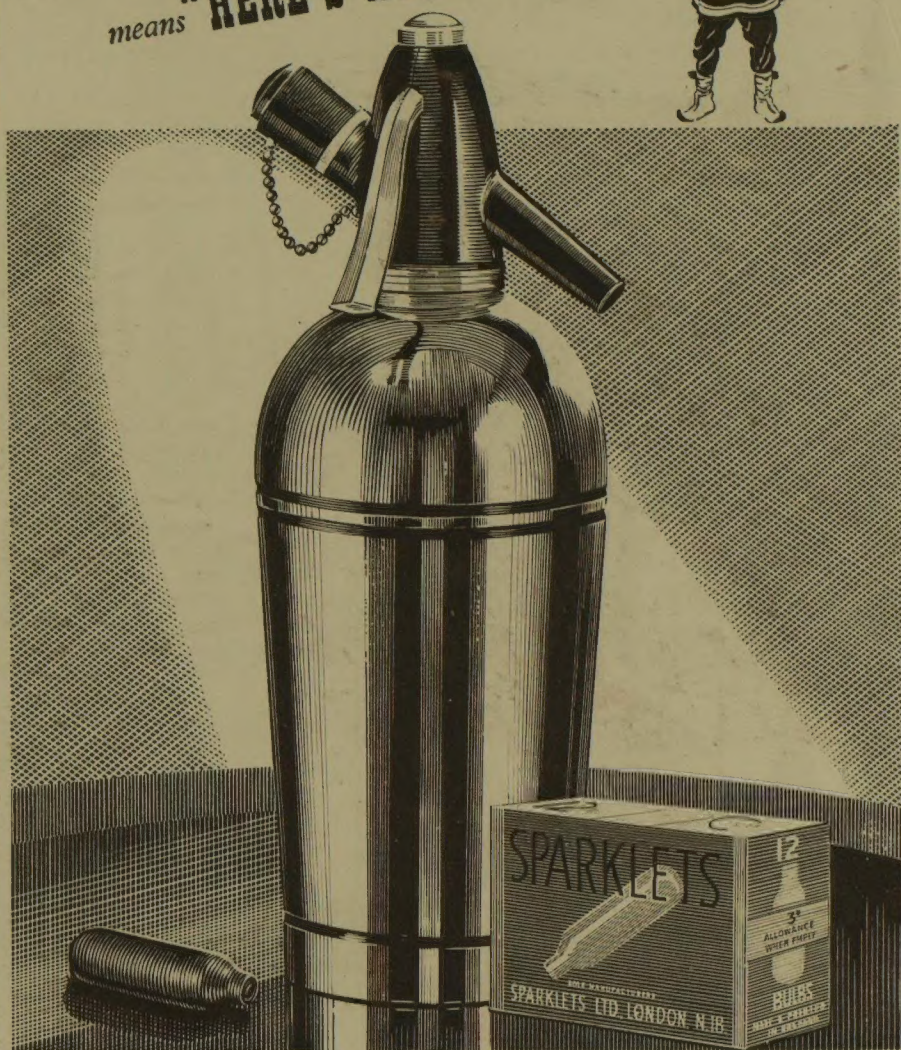
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BOOKS OF THE DAY.—(Continued from page 1158.)

loved the joys and intimacies of family life, and of a mild reflective nature, he himself gave the kingdom the greatest hopes. Much was expected of this virtuous prince; and men praised the rectitude of his life and the whole-hearted kindness he displayed to all sufferings and misfortunes. Everyone foresaw a kindly reign and longed for its coming; reformers and devout prayed for it alike." On the other hand, Louis XVI.'s inoffensive character (as described by Gouverneur Morris) did not save him. Things might have fallen out otherwise, perhaps, if he had followed his mother's wishes in the matter of his marriage. The wife she would have chosen for him, instead of Marie Antoinette, was Princess Amélie, daughter of Frederick Christian, Elector of Saxony. The advocates of the Austrian match, however, had their way, and it was favoured also by the bride's mother, the Empress Maria Teresa.

Towards the end of his reign, under the influence of Mme. Du Barry, Louis XV. lost his former popularity.



AN INTERESTING RELIC OF ADMIRAL LORD RODNEY PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM AT GREENWICH BY SIR P. MALCOLM STEWART, BART., LATE COMMISSIONER FOR THE SPECIAL AREAS: THE GOLD BOX GIVEN THE ADMIRAL WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF CORK IN 1782.

"Songsters, slanderers and writers," we read, "unleashed their wit against the king's government with extraordinary bitterness. . . . The first signs of the Revolution were appearing, and only a favourable moment was needed to raise a host of threatening storm-clouds. In December 1770, in Paris, people were singing the couplet:

*Le Bien-Aimé de l'Almanach
N'est pas le bien-aimé de France.*

. . . Insolence passed all known limits; already could be discerned the

distant roar of the succeeding reign, and already the pens were in the making that would demand, in book and pamphlet, Louis XVI.'s condemnation to the scaffold; already the throne itself was tottering, and unable to resist the relentless attacks led by writers, philosophers, magistrates, and a great part of the nobility and the bourgeoisie."

M. Leroy draws a strong contrast between the characters of Louis XV. and his ill-

fated grandson and successor, whose nervousness and awkward manners often made him seem harsh and impervious, while his grandfather was graceful, diplomatic, and majestic in bearing. The suggestion appears to be that, had Louis XV. lived longer, he might have staved off the great catastrophe. "At the end of his reign," the biographer writes, "he had begun a great work of cleansing, and of reform and adaptation to future necessities; it was a work carried on against the interest of privileged bodies and out-



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of-date custom and routine; but it was a work necessary to combat the ferment of insurrection and lessen its violence. . . . Till his death (in 1774), Louis XV. kept in check the disintegration which threatened the highest spheres of society and was gradually filtering in amongst the people. In 1774 it became an urgent matter to continue the



CHOSEN BY H.M. THE KING FOR THE ASCOT CUPS, 1939: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE ROYAL HUNT CUP, IN SILVER-GILT, DESIGNED BY J. L. AULD; THE ASCOT GOLD CUP, IN 18-CARAT GOLD, DESIGNED BY R. H. HILL; THE KING'S GOLD VASE, IN 9-CARAT GOLD, DESIGNED BY R. G. BAKENDALE.

Some months ago the King expressed a wish that present-day designers should be given an opportunity of submitting designs for the Ascot cups, and instructed the Earl of Granard, his Majesty's Comptroller at Ascot, to ascertain whether the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths would be prepared to organise a competition. From the eleven drawings chosen by the Company's Silver Committee, his Majesty selected the designs for the cups illustrated above. The successful designers were recently students at the Royal College of Art and the L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts.

task undertaken, without fault, hesitation or error. Now the new king, in ten years, accumulated every possible fault, hesitation and error; he dug his own grave and the monarchy's too; and he unconsciously participated in the destruction of the ideal, whose guard and representative he was."

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BRIDGE OF SIGHS," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

THESE "Catherines of Russia" are rather a confusing company. One meets them every other week in films. Either at Studio One, the Academy, the Berkeley, or the Curzon. Nice enough women to know if, in the modern idiom, you can take it. Otherwise, if you are not a Grenadier, with the beginning of a marshal's baton in your knapsack, life offers little save a shot at dawn. The particular Catherine (the Second) in this play, though not altogether a nice woman to have around a modern villa, has been made by Miss Judy Kelly into a rather attractive young lady. It is almost as if Miss Kelly were a Vicar's daughter "seeding" tennis players at the local tournament. This is not Miss Kelly's fault. She plays the part as written, and there are few actresses, save a Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who can do more. There is, unfortunately, no passion in this play. The lovers—and this is mainly the fault of the writing—make love as if they were marionettes. The author, who writes prettily instead of movingly, has constructed something akin to a charade. Set to appropriate music it might make a pleasing operetta. Miss Gayane Mickeladze is a Russian actress who speaks English with that broken charm most London critics feel they cannot acclaim as anything less than genius.

"PYGMALION," AT THE HAYMARKET.

On the opening night of this farcical comedy, Mr. Bernard Shaw had three plays running in the West End. Which, for an eighty-three-year-old dramatist, seems likely to establish an all-time world record. This twenty-five-year-old comedy is as amusing as ever. Even the famous expletive, which one may now call "bloody," gets as big a laugh as ever. As Eliza, Miss Margaret Rawlings disappoints. In "Black Limelight" she doubled the rôle of a middle-class wife and an "office wife," just a fraction of an inch below her in social standing. The comparison was perfect. So the producer must obviously be responsible for her adenoidal, pigeon-toed flower-girl. Colonel Pickering (nice performance by Mr. Lewis Casson), as an Indian Army medical officer, might, under an anæsthetic, have removed her adenoids. But Henry Higgins (Mr. Basil Sydney) was a professor of phonetics, not of deportment. Who, then, taught her to walk "like a lily"?

MALAYAN ARCHÆOLOGY.

(Continued from page 1170.)

the bas-reliefs of Borobudur—a fact which must be taken into account when determining the importance of reflux influences from Java during the ninth and tenth centuries. On the other hand, it is worthy of notice that the shape of the bronze casket itself is typically South Indian, while in the closely allied temple shown in Fig. 13 was found a fragmentary ribbed water-pot of a type known only from the Nilgiri Hills, but which must at one time have been used in other parts of South India and probably exported to Malaya. This evidence indicates a continuous contact with South India, in spite of the fact that by this time more distinctly Greater Indian art manifestations had probably become dominant even in Kedah.

Dating also probably from the tenth century was a large pillared hall which, both by reason of its spaciousness and the secular character of its finds, gave the impression that it may well have been a royal audience hall. These finds included two fragmentary circular bronze mirrors and part of an iron dagger with a bronze hilt of which the upper portion was missing (Fig. 4). This type of dagger, though represented on the Borobudur bas-reliefs, is undoubtedly derived from India; an exactly similar one can be seen, for example, on the Mahishasura Mandapa relief at Mahabalipuram.

During the eleventh to thirteenth centuries there seems to have taken place a revival of Hinduism in Kedah, which is indicated on the lower reaches of the River Bujang by the discovery of several brick temples, mostly small porched shrines with some fragments of Hindu images, including a terra-cotta Ganesha. It is impossible to say, however, that Buddhism did not linger during this period, but we know that when Islam came in the fifteenth century the Malays were regarded as Hindus. The most remarkable individual find of this later Hindu period was made in 1914, when a small boy fishing in a Kedah swamp hooked a pair of heavy 24-carat gold cross-belts. By the time the authorities heard of the discovery the belts had been melted down, with the exception of the four fragments illustrated here (Figs. 5 and 6). Though an amazing find had unhappily been reduced to a few fragments, these nevertheless included the most distinctive portions, which were of special interest since, though similar belts are depicted on Hindu stone images in India from the ninth century onwards, no discovery of the actual gold belt itself appears to have been recorded. The embossed pieces, with *simha-mukha*, or lion-face, designs, betray their lateness by partially degenerating into foliage, and suggest that the king who wore this rich ornament must have been one of the last Hindu rulers of Kedah.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE TWO "DON GIOVANNIS."

IT is interesting to compare Glyndebourne's production of "Don Giovanni" with that of Covent Garden, for it is not often that one has the opportunity of hearing two different productions of the same during one week. Sir Thomas Beecham assembled a remarkable cast for his production, and, individually, some of his singers were vocally superior to those of the Glyndebourne cast. Elizabeth Rethberg, for example, who was the Covent Garden Donna Anna, is a singer of international fame, and she has a tuosity that is exceptional as well as a fine natural voice. The Glyndebourne Donna Anna was not a match for smoothness and ease of vocalisation. On the other hand, I preferred Mr. Brownlee's Giovanni to that of Signor Pinza, excellent as the latter was in some respects. In the first place, Brownlee is a baritone, while Signor Pinza has a voice and a Don Giovanni who is a baritone make a better contrast with a bass Leporello; Mr. Brownlee does convey also the suggestion that the Don was a great gentleman, a grandee of Spain, while Signor Pinza gives one the impression that he would make an ideal Figaro. This year the Glyndebourne production of "Don Giovanni" was not an unqualified success, and there can no doubt that Hilde Konetzni gave a better performance at Covent Garden. It is good to find a young artist such as Mr. David Lloyd, who played Don Ottavio at Glyndebourne, comparing favourably with so famous a tenor as Richard Tauber, who played the part at Covent Garden. The Covent Garden Leporello, Signor Lazzari, was good, but Signor Baccaloni's performance at Glyndebourne must be considered as unique.

Altogether, the Covent Garden production, although notable for its fine singers, had not got the degree of team-work or the dramatic intensity of Glyndebourne production. The one and only of Wagner's "Ring" has now been successfully concluded. Sir Thomas Beecham infused the production with his own vitality by his lively tempi. The performance by Kerstin Thorborg, as Fricka, was of outstanding merit, but Hilde Konetzni and Leif Schmalzer were unfailingly good. I have seen more convincing Brünnhildes than Anny Konetzni, and the Wotan was also of rather slighter calibre than some we have known. W. J. TURNER

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